

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
Lady Emma Melcombe,
AND
HER FAMILY.
BY A FEMALE

"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE
HISTORICAL

RECORDS OF THE

AND

HER FAMILIES

BY A TEARER

"I wish to preserve much, but I wish to see you"

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME III

HOXDON

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T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Lady Emma Melcombe,
A N D
H E R F A M I L Y .

SOMETIMES Edward fancied he was born to superior rank ; and had a confused idea of the occurrences that had happened in his infancy ; but, as great pains had been taken to eradicate such notions ; and, as he had no possible means of being

satisfied, they died away, as the dreams of fancy.

Accompanied by his worthy tutor, the Reverend Henry Clayton, who was acquainted with every circumstance of his pupil's family; and, by whose unwearied assiduity and attention, Edward had attained every branch of useful and ornamental study; and who was one of the best and most respectable of men, Edward set out on his travels.

Half broken-hearted, Emma bid her beloved brother farewell; whilst he, with more calmness, though equal sorrow, took leave of his adored sister, and his highly revered patroness.

It was agreed, at parting, that they should correspond, and, by mental intercourse, beguile the heavy hours of absence. Mr. Clayton, also, was occasionally to write

write to Lady Mary, to give an account of his pupil's conduct.

But, before we begin this correspondence, it will be necessary to say something about the principal persons who have been mentioned in Lady Loudon's history.

Lord Castlehaven was still alive, and still the slave of his lady's humours, who was now past the time of life, to cut a very conspicuous figure in the *Beau-monde*.

The infamous Caroline, had been some years married to a worthy country gentleman, by whom she had several children; and might have been very happy, had not the malignancy of her disposition prevented her. Her husband could not respect her. A charming family of children feared, more than they loved her; and her acquaintance in general, despised her.

Emily

Emily Euston died of an inflammatory fever, soon after Lady Loudon's disappearance.

Lord Craven was in his twenty-fourth year, and a most amiable, accomplished young man. Lord Castlehaven doated upon him; and, in his fondness for him, and his subserviency to his mother, he lost all remembrance of the lovely, ill-fated Emma.

Indeed, not having any tidings of her for so long a time, he concluded she was dead; and so far had ill-placed resentment, and his wife's artful insinuations triumphed over natural feelings, that he gave up his once beloved child, and her innocent offspring, without a pang!

Not so, his son. When time had matured his knowledge of his sister's wrongs, he used every effort to find out the place of
her

her retreat. Spite of his mother's endeavours, he believed her innocent, and injured!

He remembered her lovely as the morn, and mild as the vernal breezes; and, tho' not thoroughly acquainted with the artifices that had been used to calumniate her fame, he had less respect, than he otherwise would have had, for his father's judgment, or his mother's paternal affection. He remonstrated, without effect, to his father, on the unmerited injuries his sister had sustained. On this subject, only, did he turn a deaf ear to his son.

Lord Craven's enquiries after his sister were fruitless; yet did he secretly resolve to appropriate a principal part of his father's fortune for the use of his nephew and niece; and, if ever found, to exert every influence to re-instate Edward in his unfortunate parent's title and estate.

On

On that topic, he sometimes forgot the respect he owed Lord Castlehaven, and reproached him for his supineness, in suffering the rights of his grandchildren, to be wrested from them; and still more severely did he, in his own mind, reproach him for that indolence, which, by neglecting to secure his daughter a settlement, by a proper marriage, had authorised oppression to rob her of the dignity of her name, and the means of subsistence.

Lord and Lady Roscoe were both living; as also their son Lord Lewson, who was now in his fourteenth year. Lady Roscoe had suffered so much, from her jealous disposition, that she wisely resolved to forego such idle thoughts; especially as she found no room to nourish them. And her husband's naturally amiable disposition made him assiduous to contribute to her happiness; as her conduct, except in respect to her friend, was unexceptionable; and, now she

she had recovered from that delirium of jealousy, which made her disagreeable, she was an entertaining companion, a faithful wife, and an affectionate mother.

She now believed Lady Loudon perfectly innocent of any design to seduce the love and esteem of her husband ; and sincerely lamented that she had ever invited the designing Caroline into her house. No intimacy subsisted between the families—as they mutually disliked each other.

The possessor of Edward's rank and fortune, was now old and miserable ; and, from a violent paralytic complaint, and a wounded conscience, his life was comfortless and unhappy.

This man was own cousin to the late Lord Loudon, and in actual possession of some thousands a year, at the very time his
avarice

avarice prompted him to the despicable action before recited.

His conscience impelled him to make secret enquiries after the widow and her children ; but hearing nothing of them, a false shame prevented him from making public restitution. He was married, and had no children, nor any relative to inherit his ill-acquired riches.

Thus were all parties situated, at the commencement of Edward and Emma's correspondence. Several other letters, which bear immediate connection with the history of the orphans, are inserted, as necessary links in the chain of events which follow.

Edward

EDWARD DAVENPORT to MISS EMMA
DAVENPORT.

Paris.

I Eagerly seize the first favourable opportunity, to assure my beloved Emma, that she is the first and dearest object in my thoughts. Since we lost our dear, amiable mother, my whole wishes center in your happiness. Doubly endeared to me by the dissolution of that tie which bound my tenderest affections to my honoured parent, I look upon you as my greatest earthly treasure. Continue but to improve in those amiable dispositions, that render you valuable to my heart, and I shall ever rejoice in the affinity I bear to you.

Present my grateful acknowledgments to Lady Mary; and tell her, whilst the vital spark animates my frame, I will love, reverence, and obey her.

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B

I

I have not yet delivered her letters; we have, indeed, been but a few hours in Paris: when I do, you may expect long letters from your Edward.

As inclination alone is to restrict us in our longer or shorter stay in any place, you will probably receive many letters from hence; but you must not expect me minutely to describe every curiosity of Art or Nature that we meet with. Peruse the works of any modern traveller, and my information may be dispensed with. Men, manners, and opinions, will engross my attention; and every thing worthy of communication, my honoured patroness, and you, may depend on receiving.

In return, I shall expect you will openly and kindly tell me every sentiment that occupies your innocent mind.

I can never love you more—but I may esteem you less. Be careful, my dear sister. You are at an age, when first impressions are dangerous. Guard your heart against the mild insinuations of friendship, or the soft blandishments of love.

There is an open candour in your disposition; a conscious rectitude, which raises you above the meanness of suspicion. Yet, beware, my Emma, that very agreeable temper will be a snare to your happiness—if not under the strictest regulations. Remember, my sister, that a woman's dearest possession, is her fame.

How it would hurt me, to hear the sweet vivacity of your playful imagination, construed into levity of mind! I do not say it will be so; I sincerely hope not: yet does the malignancy of mankind make me fear it.

Correct,

Correct, then, my dear girl, your lively passions; and do not let them hurry you into any inadvertencies, which, though perfectly compatible with innocence and truth, may yet expose you to unjust censure? But why should I fear? Under the immediate inspection of the most respectable woman breathing, you cannot act wrong; at least, not whilst edified by the example, and instructed by the precepts of so exalted a character.

Pardon, then, this apparently needless lecture, and receive it only as a proof of the unbounded affection of your brother, who would have his sister's fame pure as "unsun'd snow," and her conduct such, that calumny should never glance at, or detraction dare to injure!

Farewel! You will hear from me again very soon. My reverend friend joins in
every

AND HER FAMILY.

every good wish towards Lady Mary and yourself.

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

EDWARD TO EMMA.

Paris.

I Write, my dear Emma, from Monsieur de Cherville's, where we are very comfortably settled, through the recommendation of Lady Mary's banker. The family consists of Monsieur and Madam de Cherville, and four amiable children; the eldest of which is a fine young lady about your age, and nearly possessed of as great a flow of spirits as my Emma; but rather more experienced, from a continual intercourse with company. But, mistake me not, she is not a degree more pleasing for

B 5

it:

it. I prefer the artless, innocent vivacity of my sister, to the more polished gaiety of Miss de Cherville.

Let this atone for my last; but, surely, you was not offended? I flatter myself you wait, before you write, for another letter from me, rather than any other cause.

I am not very partial to the Parisians, from what I have seen of them. Perhaps I judge too hastily. But, to me, there seems a frivolous attention to trifles; a method of treating the most serious things lightly, that does not at all accord with my sober sentiments. Perhaps the fault lies in my disposition, rather than theirs.

I am almost a Frenchman myself, from my long residence at Montpelier; yet does my heart bound at the sight of an accomplished Englishman, as if I had found a brother, or a friend. There are many
here

here, from whose acquaintance I promise myself much pleasure.

To what cause shall I impute this prejudice, but merely the knowledge of being a native of Britain? I have not, that I know of, a relative (yourself excepted) in the world. I have no possessions in that charming island, of which I have now but a faint remembrance.

The only motive I can adduce in favour of my prejudice is this, That the four most amiable people I ever knew, were inhabitants of it—my lamented mother, my honoured Lady Mary, my reverend tutor, and the worthy old Brudenell—whom I neglected to mention in my last, but whom I much esteem, as well for her honest affection towards our dear parent, as for the care she took of my Emma.

There

There is a mystery attending our mother's life, which I wish in vain to develop. I was two years older than you, Emma, when we first lived in the house with Lady Mary Montgomery. Brudenell lived with us before that time; and I think, but dare not be certain, as I have frequently been reprimanded for indulging the thought, that I remember my father by some title, but still cannot recollect matters sufficiently to know. I also remember my grandfather's sometimes holding me on his knee. I was in frocks then, but cannot recollect seeing him for a long time before we left the fine house we lived in. I therefore suppose him to be dead, at the time I ceased to see him.

Chiefly kept in the nursery, I can assert, with safety, that Brudenell attended us there. And I perfectly recollect my mother weeping over us, in deep mourning. Infant, as I was, I thought it very odd to see

see every body in black about me ; not being properly versed in things to know the difference.

We then lived in a small house, where, if I ever saw any body, it has escaped my memory, until we went to Belvoir Lodge. Lady Mary, Brudenell, and Mr. Clayton, are, I am sure, well acquainted with what I wish so much to know ; yet do they ever evade any question that leads to the subject.

I am of an age, surely, to be intrusted with the secret of my own birth.—Am I unworthy of the parents from whence I sprung ? An honest pride, answers, No, so far as extends to the moral character of a man ; for I would not be guilty of a vicious, or mean action, to be the acknowledged heir of the first peer of the realm.

Something

Something tells me we are scions from no inferior stock. My mother was an angel, both in form and manners; such a woman could neither be vulgar, nor base. But I shall bewilder both you and myself in useless conjectures. It is sufficient that our mother fell a prey to sufferings which she could not deserve.

From every circumstance, she, as well as ourselves, was dependent on Lady Mary's bounty; nor have we the least reason to believe that she is any relation to us.—How, then, shall we pay the vast debt of gratitude we owe this incomparable woman? If it was only for her goodness to the dear deceased, I should idolize her; but, when she extends it, with a generous munificence, to the offspring of her friend, words are inadequate to the sentiments she inspires me with! A mingled sensation of love, gratitude, and veneration, almost overpowers me! We can only prove ourselves

selves worthy the benefits and instructions we have received, by our strict conformity to her will.

Monfieur Chambaud, her ladyship's banker, tells me I have unlimited credit on him. Assure the dear lady I will not abuse her confidence; and intreat her pardon for the extreme anxiety I have expressed to know, what she wishes to conceal. Laudable motives alone can actuate her; and, sooner than offend, I will lay an embargo on my pen, my tongue, and even wishes, if they do not coincide with her pleasure.

This subject has insensibly carried away my pen. To-morrow, I intend (as I am thoroughly equipped with all the little requisites necessary to appear in Paris) to pay my respects to the Marchioness de Alembert,

bert. I am told I shall see half the *Beau-
moude* of Paris at her house. Farewell

I am

Thy affectionate brother.

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

EMMA TO EDWARD.

Montpelier.

WHY would my dear Edward suppose his Emma could be offended at him, for endeavouring to make her amiable and worthy of being his sister? Believe me, I love and honour you more for the kind corrections you bestow upon me, than if you flattered me into the idea of merits I do not possess.

I

I am so conscious of the truth of your remarks, that Lady Mary herself will tell you how much I have profited by them. Both her and Brudenell tell me how much I am to be commended for striving to correct that giddiness which they kindly say is the only blemish in my disposition.

Continue, my good Edward, to favour me, occasionally, with remarks on the conduct of females; and be assured, I will open every avenue of my heart for your inspection.

I shed tears over your last letter! It recalled my dear mother so forcibly to my remembrance, that I could not suppress them.

Lady Mary was affected, and said "you was a dear, good boy; and, that some time or other, you should be made acquainted with our mother's woes. For

“ the present, she begs you will let it suffice,
 “ that she was unhappy, and highly in-
 “ jured ; and that we have no relations
 “ worthy our notice. She adds, it was our
 “ parent’s earnest request we should not be
 “ made familiar with her sorrows, till I
 “ have attained the age of twenty-one
 “ years.”

“ Refrain, then, I beseech you, your im-
 patience. Let us not trespass upon the
 goodness of our benefactress, or the will of
 the dear deceased !

“ Lady Mary insists upon your doing cre-
 dit to her in your appearance, or she shall
 attribute it to a false pride, which will re-
 flect on your tutor—who, good man, has
 taken so much pains to make you what
 your kind patroness, and your fond sister,
 deem almost perfect.

Love

Love me alway, my brother. I will study to merit it; and to deserve the name of

Yours, affectionately.

EMMA DAVENPORT.

EDWARD TO EMMA.

Paris.

I Confess my error, my sweet sister. I am too rash—too impetuous; but I will be more what you, and my kind patroness wish me to be. This too proud heart, glows at the idea of fancied indignity. The time may (and I hope will) come, when I shall know who was brave or base enough to injure our dear mother. But I will be calm.

I told you, in my last, I intended to deliver my recommendatory letter to the Marchioness de Alembert. When I thought her ladyship was visible, I went; and had the honour to be admitted to her toilette.

This is a vile custom, Emma, and I respect the English ladies for not giving way to such an infringement on that modesty which renders a woman so estimable. Not that there is any indecorum practised, especially at the toilette of such a woman as Madam de Alembert; but still it is a liberty which does not accord with my notions of female delicacy.

Pardon this digression from the leading subject of my epistle—but you must inure yourself to my rambling stile. I am an odd being, and have some very peculiar ideas of things, which, in spite of myself, will escape both my pen and tongue.

To

To proceed. I was received with all that frank, agreeable gaiety, which characterizes a well-bred Frenchwoman. She paid me many heart-felt compliments in the person of Lady Mary Montgomery, and insensibly won my approbation, by the seemingly unaffected praises she bestowed upon her.

She gave me a general invitation to her table, and, in a manner that excluded all thoughts of a denial. In particular, she asked me to an entertainment which she intended giving the succeeding evening, in honour of her son's birth-day, who is, at this period, on his travels; and, as I am informed, a most accomplished young nobleman.

Madam de Alembert is near forty years of age, has a very striking exterior, and does not appear more than thirty—her mind cultivated; and her knowledge extensive.

These, added to a cheerful disposition, refined manners, elegant connections, and irreproachable morals and conduct, render her a very estimable companion.

I intend assiduously to cultivate her friendship. To a young, uninformed fellow, as I am, her attention is highly flattering; and, at the same time that it procures me a favourable reception in polite circles, it will give me an opportunity of forming my opinions, and regulating my manners; which, but for Lady Mary's kind mention of me, I should not so readily have attained.

To such a woman, I would intrust the care of my Emma. Need I pass a greater eulogium? A few more such amiable characters will make me blush at my indiscriminate prejudices, and cause me to acknowledge what I ought before to have known, that Virtue and Goodness are confined to no climate, no nation, age, or sex.

At the appointed time—decked with every advantage of dress which Lady Mary's bounty supplies—I made my appearance at the door of the Marchioness. I, who have been but little used to the splendour and parade of fashionable life, was struck at the number of domestics, the elegance of the rooms, and the richness of the furniture.

It seemed as if I had entered enchanted ground, and the lady of the mansion appeared like one of the benevolent Fairies; the recital of whose meritorious actions, have, in our childish days, so much delighted us.

I was introduced to the company, as her particular young friend, and, under that title was received very graciously. The company was far more brilliant than my raised conceptions had formed, or my pen can describe. The entertainment was sumptuous.

sumptuous. Every viand that luxury could indulge in, or money purchase, decorated the table.

I have been told, the French ladies do not restrain their appetites, in eating or drinking. I did not see any *excess* in either committed; not but they seemed to *enjoy* themselves in the superabundance of dainties, which, on every side, met their eyes.

The ball-room was ornamented in a most superb manner. The treasures of art were explored to make it elegant, and the most esteemed band of music in Paris, excited our wishes to join in the "mystic mazes" of a sprightly dance.

I had the honour to be partner to Lady Julia Seaton, niece to the Marchioness, and daughter to the Duke of Rochester, who married her sister. Lady Julia resides entirely with her aunt, her mother being dead.

dead. A communicative old officer (of whom, more hereafter) told me this, and added, the amiable Englishwoman was designed for the young Marquis de Alembert.

Tell me, my sister, and my worthy patroness, to what cause I must attribute the sensations I experienced at the sight of the beauteous Lady Julia? In the crowd that were assembled on this festive occasion, I had not distinguished her, till the Marchioness presented her as my partner for the evening, and her niece.

What name shall I give to the sentiments she inspired me with? They were a mixture of respect, admiration, and fear. Her rank, appearance, and behaviour, commanded the former. Her beauty of face, and symmetry of shape, my admiration; and the latter arose, at the consciousness of my inferiority; and lest the Marchioness,
and

and herself, should be justly offended when they knew it was only an humble dependent on Lady Mary Montgomery, who had presumed to deceive them by appearances, and taken advantage of the false light in which he shone, to appear in a situation which every man in the room envied.

The affability of Lady Julia soon dissipated every disagreeable thought, and the night glided imperceptibly away.

I ask, again, to what cause I must attribute my sensations? I can annex no certain idea to them, but that of her being a native of Britain; the delight I take in pronouncing her English name; and of conversing in the language, convinces me that was the reason. The remarkable predilection I feel in favour of every thing that bears affinity to England, proves it.

For

For example. The fair Briton has a small, beautiful dog, named Fidelle, which I care for more than I did any of its kind, merely because it has crossed the sea, and is truly English.

I expect to be rallied on my prejudice; but it is unconquerable. In a few days I will write again. Adieu!

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

P. S. Mr. Clayton is well, and a welcome guest at the Marchioness de Alembert's, who is much pleased with the good man.

EDWARD

EDWARD TO EMMA

Paris.

THE gallant old veteran I mentioned in my last, is one of the worthies! My tutor and he are linked in the bonds of friendship. Although a soldier, and a Parisian, he is neither profane, or volatile.

Some author has remarked, that a young Frenchman is intolerable; but an old one, who has had a good education, and lived in polite circles, is, by far, the best companion in the world.

This, in some measure, I agree to, since my knowledge of Monsieur Lauzanne. He is entertaining, without condescending to trifle; his conversation is edifying, without being austere; and his manners carry the agreeable vivacity of youth, without derogating

derogating from the dignity of age. The many scenes he has been engaged in ; his retentive memory, and knowledge of the world, make him a most desirable companion.

He is no less pleased with the mild, placid virtues of Mr. Clayton ; whose goodness of heart, gentleness of manners, and that cheerful serenity diffused over his venerable face, render him respectable and welcome every where.

I believe Monsieur Lauzanne is not in very affluent circumstances ; nor yet so confined as to deprive him of the social comforts of life ; whilst his birth and merit, insure him a kind reception in the most distinguished houses.

He is a bachelor, and professes violent love to *La Belle Anglaise*, who protests he is the favoured man ! The Marchioness

pretends to tremble for her son, who has so formidable a rival; and the fair Julia turns most unaccountably grave, whenever the Marquis is mentioned. Sure her regard for him must be very great, to occasion such a change of countenance at the bare mention of him.

I wonder whether he is like his amiable mother. His father, I am told by Monsieur Lauzanne, was the proudest man in Paris; insolent to his superiors; haughty to his equals; and insufferably overbearing to his inferiors. To his lady and son, a fond husband, and an affectionate parent. Rather a contradictory character, and certainly a disagreeable one, in most respects.

I asked if the Marquis had most of his father or Mother in his disposition? The entrance of some person prevented his reply; nor have I since renewed the subject. It would, indeed, appear too inquisitive in me,

me, actuated as I am, from no motive but a fear lest he should not be deserving of my fair countrywoman.

I almost live at the Marchioness de Alembert's (except such time as is devoted to studious researches) and have, by her, been introduced every where.

The amiable Lady Julia treats me with the goodness so natural to her. I would draw this lovely creature's portrait, could I do justice to it. I have, however, presumption enough to try.

Her stature is such as neither offends our ideas of the graceful, by being diminutive or masculine; her complexion, the rose and lily blended, though the latter predominates—except when her charming face is illumined by the glow of modesty, or heightened by exercise; her eyes, dark hazle, with long silken eye-lashes, which,
when.

when cast down, almost obscure them, but, when she raises them, they beam with a lustre so mild, and yet so expressive, that I can hardly convey an idea of them. Her hair is, I think, dark brown; her mouth not very small, but extremely well-shaped; her teeth like pearl; and her nose, I know not in what stile of beauty, but nothing can be handsomer.

Candour, benevolence, and sensibility, shine forth in every feature; and are displayed in every action. Her conversation is, in general, serious—yet animated; sensible—yet chearful. Our senses are not dazzled by any bright sallies of wit from her; nor our ears offended by any ill-natured remark, any illiberal reflection, or silly observation.

To those whom age or experience render superior to her, she is respectful and attentive; to those on an equality with her, affable

fable and obliging; to her domestics, and humble friends, condescending and indulgent.

Such is Lady Julia Seaton, and such do I hope, one day, to see my Emma. I fondly flatter myself that you are possessed of every natural requisite for such a character; and, by the example of Lady Mary, and a few years experience, I trust, you will arrive at the high perfections here delineated.

This elegant woman has, insensibly, engrossed a large share of my paper. You will, perhaps, think me enthusiastic in my encomiums. Could you see the charming object who excites them, you would confess her deserving. My reverend friend allows her to be the finest woman, except one, he ever saw; and that one was my honoured mother.

How grateful the exception to my affectionate heart ! It throbs, at this moment, with every tender sensation, on the awakened remembrance of her perfect form, numberless virtues, and undeserved (I am sure) afflictions ! It is too tender a string ; I must not dwell upon it. May you, my sister, be emulous to imitate the dear departed saint ! Farewel !

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

LADY

LADY JULIA SEATON TO MISS CLARA RAYMOND.

Paris.

YOU accuse me of unkindness, Clara, in not having answered the letter preceding your last. You should make allowances for your friend—I am not sufficiently mistress of my own actions, to employ my hours as I please.

My aunt is kindly indulgent to me, yet would not be pleased was I to absent myself when she wishes for my company, which of late, she has done, from the multiplicity of engagements on her hands.

You, my dear Clara, are in no degree confined. Blest with parents who deny you no innocent gratification, you can act as you please, under no controul, but their prudence and your own discretion. How
happy

happy are you in your calm retirement at Raymond Castle, compared to the busy novelty of Paris.

I hear very seldom from my sister; and, when I do, it is in terms of cool civility. Unkind girl! I have not merited such treatment from her. Was it my fault that the Marchioness de Alembert adopted me for a favourite? Or that her son saw me with mistaken partiality?

The heart-felt grief I experienced at my involuntary separation from my family, might witness for me.—Many years older than myself, my sister exacted implicit obedience from me; nor did I ever refuse to comply with her desire.

When my aunt and cousin arrived in England, the charms and accomplishments of de Alembert, made a forcible impression on Louisa; nor did she attempt to put a restraint

restraint on her growing inclinations. Her knowledge of a projected union between the families (which had many years been intended) when the parties were of a proper age, seemed to authorise her passion.

My sister is an elegant, accomplished woman; and, when free from the dominion of anger and resentment, an agreeable one. Conscious of her own perfections, it never occurred to her, that the humble, imperfect charms of a child (comparatively speaking) should attract the attention of the gay Marquis.

Unfortunately, so it happened, and the Marchioness claimed my father's promise; which was granted, without hesitation, or even consulting me whether it was agreeable. This was not thought necessary, as it was judged impossible for a girl of seventeen to object to such a brilliant establishment.

I was entirely passive. What objection could I have made that would have been admitted? On me, the innocent victim, did the enraged, disappointed Louisa, vent her anger. I cannot dwell upon the disagreeable theme. It was settled, my aunt should convey me to France; and my intended husband pursue his travels for two years; at the expiration of which time, I am, if no fortunate event intervenes, to be Marchioness de Alembert.

Six months end my probation, and then, Clara, what a wretch will your Julia be! My sister preserved her resentment against me; and every letter she writes, proves she has not forgiven me.

My father, who never was very violent in his affections, seems to consider me as provided for, and, therefore, concludes he has done his duty.

Your

You will wonder, my dear girl, at my not placing this confidence in you before; but, having a new, and, I fear, lasting cause for unhappiness, I can no longer refrain pouring my woes into your friendly bosom.

On re-perusing my letter, I blush to see how irreverently I have treated my dear father's name; my sister's too. Had she not cause to be offended at the invader of her peace? I owe her more, infinitely more, than I ever can repay, for the care she took to supply the part of a mother to me; and, though rather severe, I gratefully own it was her unremitted care made me what I am. Forget it, my love, and forgive the petulance of your friend. Had I time to write another, I would not so far forget what I owe to my family, and myself.

A short time has now elapsed, since my aunt celebrated the birthday of the Marquis

quis. On that occasion, as usual, half the nobility in Paris were invited.

I am not fond of a crowd; but my aunt's splendid fortune, and numerous acquaintance, added to the distinction I shall (I fear) one day be entitled to amongst them, oblige me to sacrifice my time to dress, parade, and ceremony.

The Marchioness de Alembert is one of the most respectable women I ever was acquainted with. Yet, spite of her cultivated mind, sound judgment, and improved morals, she is still a slave to the glare of pride; which displays itself in an ostentatious shew of grandeur and wealth. But, for that failing (if I may presume to call it so) and too great a fondness for high birth, she is a most estimable creature.

Never did her compassionate heart refuse assistance to the "houseless child of want;"

or

or her charitable hand neglect to relieve the sick, the indigent, or oppressed. To the cries of the orphan, and the tears of the widow, her ears are ever open. If she had not some of the little frailties of human nature in her composition, I should scarce be able to support myself under a sense of my inferiority.

My honoured mother was the counterpart of this excellent woman. Happy would it have been for me, had Heaven spared her for the instruction—the comfort of her Julia! And now, my Clara, to disclose the new cause of my sorrow!

At dinner, the day preceding our annual festival (before noticed) my aunt mentioned having received a letter from a Lady Mary Montgomery, with whom she had formerly been on very friendly terms; in which she recommended the gentleman who delivered it, to her notice and patronage,

during his residence in Paris. She was vastly pleased to hear from the lady, and bestowed high commendations on the young cavalier; whom, she said, she had invited to honour de Alembert's natal day.

The number of people present, and the civilities I was under the necessity of rendering to the company, in return for the compliments they judged proper to pay me on the occasion for which they were assembled, prevented me from observing Lady de Alembert's pupil, whom she was to initiate into the mysteries of polite life. I acknowledge, I was not at all anxious, considering him as an uninformed youth, sent to this meridian of gaiety to polish.

When the ball commenced, my aunt presented Edward Davenport to me, as a partner. How, my Clara, shall I describe the inimitable grace that attends every action of this accomplished youth!

He

He is not twenty ; yet have I seen many men who have numbered twice his years, that have not possessed half the strength of understanding that he does.

Candour sits enthroned on his brow, and benevolence beams from his eye. Wit and sense animate every sentence that issues from his mouth ; whilst sensibility and refined manners throw a lustre on his whole deportment. His face is handsomer than a man's ought to be ; and his form the standard of elegance. Such, my friend, is Edward Davenport.

I was before, indifferent towards my intended husband ; what, then, are my present ideas ! I shudder at the thoughts of connecting my fate with de Alembert—when every tender wish of my heart is Davenport's !

You

You will, you ought, to condemn me, Clara. The impropriety of my sentiments call aloud for censure. Shew your dear, honoured mamma, this voluntary confession of my weakness, and implore her assistance to extricate me from my untoward situation.—That she may be able to administer effectual relief, I must acknowledge the whole extent of my folly.

I love, without even the shadow of hope! This Edward Davenport, for whom I appear so willing to break through the ties of duty and gratitude, has never, directly or indirectly, attempted to gain my approbation, except by involuntarily displaying his perfections.

—He treats me with a distinction that would be highly flattering, had I not reason to suppose it was owing to the advantage I possess in being niece to the Marchioness

oneſs de Alembert, rather than to any ſuperior merit he finds in me.

Another circumſtance that renders me culpable in my own opinion, and which muſt have the ſame effect with you, is, my ignorance of his family and connections.— He has a tutor with him, who uſurps no authority over him; on the contrary, acts more like an indulgent friend. His dreſs, addreſs, and ſervants, beſpeak the man of faſhion. But, ſtill, theſe are not convincing proofs that his expectations authoriſe a ſuppoſition that he would be a proper match for me, were he as partial to me, as I am to him.

This conſideration alone, excluſive of my fatal engagement, ought to determine me not to indulge my unhappy propenſity in his favour.

After knowing this, and being fully sensible of the many difficulties I labour under, I still cherish the means which destroy my peace; and nourish a destructive passion that preys upon my happiness.

Favour me, my honoured Lady Raymond, with your advice, your counsel. Pity a poor motherless girl, who has nobody to whom she can unbend her mind. Teach her, by the mild reasonings of experience and wisdom, to correct the follies of a wayward heart!

If you knew the difference, as well as I do, between the man I am bound to look up to as my husband, and the man I love, you would, I am sure, commiserate my feelings. Out of the gratitude I owe, and the respect I bear to the mother, I should perhaps restrain my pen, when I describe the son. Light and shade are not such opposites!

You,

You will ask me, Clara, how I know the demerits of the Marquis, since I was so short a time in his company; and you may suppose, he would then exert every power to please. I will tell you.

There visits at my aunt's, on the footing of a familiar friend, a gallant officer—his name Monsieur Lauzanne. Ever since I came to Paris, he has honoured me with his regard, and behaves to me as he would to a favourite child; whilst I revere him as an indulgent parent.

From him I learn, in the confidence of friendship, that the present Marquis is, in mind and disposition, the perfect resemblance of his father—who was the proudest, most disgusting man breathing.

Rash, impetuous, and impatient of controul, nobody loved him; every body feared—and many despised him. Yet have

I heard my aunt mention him, in terms of the highest respect, and extreme tenderness, as the kindest husband; and has recounted instances of his almost unparalleled affection for his child.

Those were the traits in his character which endeared him to my aunt; and her love for him, cancelled every other objection. The case with me would be widely different. Marrying with indifference; nay more—a prepossession in favour of another, how could I live happy with so shocking a disposition to combat with? Every glaring impropriety of temper, would tend to steel my heart against him; as I do not—nor ever shall—love him, I could not excuse his disgusting behaviour.

What a contrast! to the mild complacency visible in every word and action of Edward Davenport! But I have no business to make comparisons. I have stated every circumstance

circumstance truly as it is, and rest upon your friendship, and Lady Raymond's goodness, to excuse this trespass on your patience.

I flatter myself, when your mother has considered how much I need consolation and advice, she will honour me with both; and still think me worthy to correspond with my Clara.

Present my respects to Sir Charles and your brother; and permit me to subscribe myself,

With all the warmth of affection,

Your friend.

JULIA SEATON.

LADY

LADY MARY MONTGOMERY TO THE REV.
HENRY CLAYTON.

Montpelier.

I AM seriously alarmed, my worthy friend, for our Edward; and beseech you to keep a strict guard over his actions. I have received (or rather Emma has) two letters from him, that give me pain; as they bespeak him ardently attached, where he cannot, consistent with honour, succeed.

Lady Julia Seaton is the fair object; and, if but half so amiable as he portrays her, I tremble for the consequence!

He is, himself, ignorant that it is love which causes his pen to dwell on her perfections; and I am certain, would shudder at his own situation, did he know the precipice on which he stands.

Urge

Urge him, my good friend, to leave Paris. If, amazed at your sudden resolution, he object to it, tell him the cause, and, I trust, his virtuous heart will recoil at the idea of committing wrong.

As the intended, betrothed wife of the Marquis de Alembert, Julia Seaton ought not, must not be any thing to him. It has ever been the wish and hope of the families, to unite the Marquis with one of the Lady Seatons; and, shall a stranger interfere, and blast the hopes that have been so long nourished!

You, my reverend friend, may think me too easily alarmed; but, have I not much to fear? Was not the dear mother of this boy, hurried by an involuntary passion into errors that ended in misery; which, if it had been timely checked, would never have prevailed?

I know nothing that would so effectually rouse him, as a knowledge of his mother's sufferings; yet the danger that may attend a discovery (exclusive of the dear deceased's commands) renders it impracticable.

Edward possesses much of the natural mildness of his mother's disposition; yet, at times, have I seen his father's spirit break out with such violence, as his good sense could hardly keep within bounds!

How much more, then, should I have cause to fear it, if a knowledge of his rank and expectations was added to the impetuosity of youth, and the ardency of love; especially, as the young de Alembert is of too proud and vindictive a temper, to brook any controul!

You

You know, Mr. Clayton, the unbounded love and affection I bear towards these dear orphans. The grief I experienced, on the death of Mrs. Davenport, received great alleviation from the reflection that I could, in the persons of her children, continue the love, and evince the pure friendship I bore to her.

You will watch over my Edward's rising years; and let nothing be wanting to awaken his emulation to virtuous deeds. Indulge him with every means for gratifying his benevolent propensities. Inspire him with such a sense of honour, that he may dread nothing so much as a deviation from the strict path of rectitude.

Pardon me, my respectable old Friend, for presuming to dictate to you, who are so much better qualified to give instruction, than to receive it from me; yet, knowing

the love you bear my two darlings; I know you will excuse it. And I no longer doubt that my sweet Emma, is the delight of my heart; and will, I trust, be the affectionate soother of my declining years. I may be too partial to this fair blossom of my own rearing; for, my exulting spirit tells me, she will reflect honour on every one concerned in her education.

The good old Brudenell, almost sinking under the infirmities of nature, seems renovated whenever she views this beautiful plant.

If it please the wise Dispenser of events, to prolong her life till Edward and Emma are reinstated in their honourable rights, how will her worthy heart expand with joy and gratitude!

Whatever

Whatever I am possessed of, is, exclusively, Emma's, if I succeed in my attempts to replace Edward in the sphere he was born to honour.

I shall, very soon, return to England, as I hear from a confidential friend, the "Usurper of Lord Loudon's rights" has been making private enquiries relative to the much injured family, with a view, it is supposed, of atoning, by restitution, for his infamous proceedings. The Lord Craven too, has been indefatigable in his researches after his charming sister, and her injured children.

If any thing particular occur, you will write to me, and ease me of the anxiety under which I labour on Edward's account.

I am,

With esteem,

Your friend.

MARY MONTGOMERY.

REV. HENRY CLAYTON TO LADY MARY
MONTGOMERY.

Paris.

YOUR letter anticipated the request I meant to have made (relative to my pupil's unfortunate attachment) to solicit your advice in what manner to proceed.

I have, for some time, observed Edward very minutely, and marked the progress of his passion for the charming Lady Julia Seaton; and am not afraid to confess to your ladyship, that I have perhaps contributed to encourage it, by the deserved eulogiums I have bestowed on her. "Virtue in her fairest form," might be painted from this lady.

I rejoiced at Edward's having so just a taste; and did not check it in its infant state,

state, as I look upon the effects produced by a virtuous love, as the best incitement to honourable deeds. Indeed, I was pleased at the sentiments of my charge, which inspired him with a passion for so exalted a character; and, as I knew the goodness of your ladyship's intentions towards him, and the rank he will one day hold, I had flattered myself with giving your ladyship pleasure, in the information that the greatness of his ideas so perfectly coincided with his birth.

But I knew not, then, of her engagement to the Marquis de Alembert; or, I should have held the resolves of a parent too sacred to be infringed.

I fear, if the intended union take place, another worthy heart will be pained beside Edward's; for the character given of the young de Alembert, cannot convey happiness along with it, especially to such a

mind as Lady Julia's. And I am much mistaken, if this amiable, but ill-fated passion, is not reciprocal. This, Edward does not suspect, any more than the knowledge your ladyship and I have of his attachment. It shall be my care to keep him ignorant of both.

From the moment I knew of the family engagement, I repeated it frequently in his presence, and dwelt upon it, as an agreeable circumstance; affecting to know more about it than I really do.

An event has happened lately, in the family of the Count de Beauval, where the young lady eloped with a favourite lover, on the very eve of her intended marriage; and, being pursued and overtaken, threw herself between her father and lover. She received both their swords in her body; and expired before assistance could be provided.

The

The distraction of the Chevalier St. Croix, and the distress of the Count de Beauval's family, is better conceived, than described. All Paris are concerned at this melancholy event; and make it the general topic of conversation.

Edward seems much affected at it; and I have taken occasion to say a good deal upon the subject of a young man's breaking through all the rules of a sacred engagement, to indulge an unwarrantable passion.

He attempted to vindicate it, as the natural effect of mutual love; but that argument I controverted, as the Count's knowledge of the lady's engagement, was prior to his regard for her; and, even if his love had preceded the information, a sense of virtue and morality, ought to have deterred him from seducing a child from her duty; especially, as the lady had shewn no repugnance

pugnance to obey her father's wishes, till he endeavoured to gain her affections.

Edward appeared struck, at the construction I put on St. Croix's conduct; and asked me, "In what manner a young man ought to act, when under the influence of a passion for a deserving object, and whom he could not cease to admire, notwithstanding the lady was, by a prior engagement, or superior rank, far removed from his wishes?"

This was the point I wished to bring him to; and I answered him, by endeavouring to stifle the flame, as inconsistent with the lady's virtue, and his own honour.

"But, by what means, my dear tutor, is that government of the passions to be attained? How is that cool, philosophical temper, to be acquired—when every desire is afloat, and the fire of youth

“ youth, and ardour of love, render a man
 “ incapable of attending to the cold max-
 “ ims of reason and philosophy ?”

“ It would, I grant you, be a very ar-
 “ duous task, with the impetuous disposi-
 “ tion you have described ; but, such a
 “ temper would hardly be worth regulat-
 “ ing—and, a man that would not listen to
 “ the dictates of reason, and the persuasion
 “ of experience, would not be deserving so
 “ amiable an object as we will, for the
 “ sake of argument, suppose the lady to
 “ be.”

“ For example. If you, Edward (which
 “ Heaven forbid) was to fall in love with
 “ Lady Julia Seaton, knowing her engage-
 “ ment to the Marquis de Alembert, and,
 “ spite of that knowledge, was to persist
 “ in your attachment, and she (which is
 “ morally impossible) was to return it,
 “ what would be the consequence?”

He

He was silent and embarrassed! I seemed not to notice it—and proceeded:—

“The melancholy event, which has insensibly led us to this discourse, most fully evinces what would ensue, was you the rash, hot-headed boy, you have described; or Lady Julia the female capable of acting so contrary to the rigid rules of decorum—a character, her ladyship would shudder at the thoughts of. But, if your in your own proper disposition, was to fall into such an error, and Lady Julia still retain the love she bears de Alembert (he sighed!) I might, perhaps, lay down some salutary rules for the *Government of the Passions*; but, as all this is imaginary, my dear boy, we will, if you please, call another subject.”

I said this, merely to prevent his thinking I had introduced this lecture intention-

ally;

ally ; and in hopes he would press a continuance of it.

Nor was I mistaken. He wished me to treat further upon the topic, as it might be useful to him, in many respects, and he would treasure my words in his mind ; that, at any future period, he might, by observing them, escape censures and self-reproach.

I suffered myself to be intreated ; and, if your ladyship will excuse the liberty, I will repeat the heads of my discourse.

On the regulation of the heart and temper, in a great measure, not only depends our moral character, but eternal felicity, or misery ! If we suffer the first to be corrupted, by the influence of ill-regulated passions, the latter will consequently be ruffled by every trifle, and disturbed by every blast.

This

" This effect must originate in an im-
 " proper indulgence of the thoughts. To
 " prevent this, we ought to keep a strict
 " guard over them; nor suffer them to
 " dwell on subjects derogatory to virtue,
 " or inconsistent with our dignity as men
 " and christians—not even, in the least de-
 " gree, repugnant to delicacy and deco-
 " rum."

" By permitting the thoughts to range
 " at large through the wide field of imagi-
 " nation, and raising them to objects above
 " our reach, or sinking them to things be-
 " neath our regard, we are equally culpa-
 " ble; as every idea that cannot be traced
 " from the source of propriety, will operate
 " powerfully on the temper, and, in the
 " end, extend their baneful influence to
 " the heart."

" You will, perhaps, argue, that thoughts
 " are often involuntary; and, when pleas-
 " ing

“ing, not easily to be driven from the memory.”

“This, I grant; and do not think the first admission of them blameable. It is when we suffer them, with unrestrained indulgence, to wander to the utmost limits of a romantic fancy, without endeavouring to check our ideas, and keep them within the modest bounds of human probability. Thoughts, innocent in themselves, may, by improper cultivation, end in criminality; and, by inflaming the passions, convey their malignant influence to the heart.”

“This must naturally affect the conduct. Hence arise those mischiefs which tend to corrupt the manners, destroy the peace, and disturb the order of society!”

“Whether our thoughts turn towards Love, Pleasure, Ambition, or Avarice
VOL. II. G “(the

“ (the four leading passions which actuate
 “ the human breast) we are in equal dan-
 “ ger. If we do not keep them in proper
 “ subjection, they wander beyond the
 “ bounds of reason; and, experience may
 “ teach you, they have a natural propen-
 “ sity to roam, in an improper direction,
 “ through the regions of forbidden gratifi-
 “ cations.”

“ If you, in idea, dwell on the lawless
 “ indulgences of Love, the sensual enjoy-
 “ ments of Pleasure; or soar, with un-
 “ bounded presumption, to the height of
 “ Ambition—or sink to the groveling de-
 “ lights of Avarice, you will inevitably fall
 “ a victim to your own uncorrected desires.
 “ For those wishes will impel you to acti-
 “ ons; and those actions, committed un-
 “ der the dominion of resistless passion,
 “ will tarnish your fame, oblivate your
 “ virtues, and cast the dark shade of infam-
 “ y over your name, and family!”

“ Such

“Such are the evils which must arise
“from an illicit indulgence of your
“thoughts. I will now shew you the pro-
“per method by which you may arrange
“your ideas, and prevent the force of such
“accumulated ills.”

“Accustom yourself to let your atten-
“tion be fixed only on objects and matters
“which will increase your knowledge in
“religion, morality and usefulness. Let
“your mind be occupied in contemplating
“the attributes of your Creator. Let the
“perfections of God—his unbounded
“power, and extensive goodness, be fre-
“quently the subject of your meditation.
“Suffer not the wild intrusions of fancy
“to interrupt your better thoughts; and,
“by perseverance, you will acquire a ha-
“bit of directing your attention solely to
“the point you wish to study.”

“Next

" Next to religion, let the obligations
 " of morality engage your thoughts. Con-
 " sider in what manner you must conduct
 " yourself, so as to insure the good opinion
 " of the world, and your own approbation.
 " Reflect on the many obligations you are
 " under, as an human creature, endowed,
 " by divine favour, with every reasonable
 " faculty. And, as a member of society,
 " study how you can be useful to your fel-
 " low-men."

" As a relaxation to these ideas, permit
 " the contemplation of the wonders of na-
 " ture and art to engross your admiration.
 " The wide expanse of the heavens; the
 " diversified beauties of the earth, will fur-
 " nish an extensive field for thought to
 " range in. The productions of art, and
 " an investigation of sciences, will still fur-
 " ther promote the point in view."

" These

“ These, and an active display of the
 “ social duties of life; such as relieving
 “ the distressed, succouring the needy, and
 “ consoling the afflicted, will, if strictly
 “ attended to, totally exclude all trifling
 “ thoughts, and prevent all frivolous pur-
 “ suits. Your mind will be exalted above
 “ every meaner principle, and you will,
 “ habitually, learn to consider the indul-
 “ gence of foolish thoughts beneath your
 “ notice; and regret that time, as thrown
 “ away, which is not filled up by honou-
 “ rable pursuits, and virtuous actions.”

“ Cultivate, more especially, a thorough
 “ knowledge of yourself, your frailties, and
 “ imperfections. Call yourself to strict ac-
 “ count, every evening, for the thoughts
 “ that have occupied your mind—the
 “ words that have escaped your lips—and
 “ the actions that have dignified, or dis-
 “ graced your character, through the pre-
 “ ceding day.”

“Examine, by the rules before said
 “down, whether you have done good, or
 “evil? If the former, persevere in such
 “an uniformity of thought and action, as
 “will bear your future reflections; if the
 “latter, I need only say, the self-reproaches
 “you will experience, must effectually tend
 “to promote an amendment in your con-
 “duct, and a firm resolution to exclude
 “such thoughts as led you to the commis-
 “sion of reprehensible, and, perhaps, cri-
 “minal actions.”

This, my honoured lady, was the sum
 of our discourse; and, I flatter myself, was
 attended to on the part of Edward, as the
 reflections of experience, and the effusions
 of friendship.

He owned himself particularly obliged
 to me, and (as he took it down in short
 hand) he shall have it, he says, to direct
 his wayward fancies by, when I, perhaps,
 shall

shall be numbered with those that go down in silence.

I beg your ladyship to pardon the prolixity of old age. I will only add (with submission to your superior judgment) I do not intend to force Edward from Paris, at present. The suddenness of such a procedure might, perhaps, counteract our wishes; and, since this discourse, he is not so eager to go to the Marchioness de Alembert's: on the contrary, he seeks plausible excuses to absent himself.

Another circumstance authorises me to differ from your ladyship. Lord Craven is at Paris, and has particularly attached himself to his *unknown* nephew. Edward is no less pleased with him.

I draw flattering inferences from their friendship; and, if I receive no further commands

80. LADY EMMA MELCOMBE

commands from your ladyship, shall continue here,

Your grateful,

Obliged servant.

HENRY CLAYTON.

EDWARD TO EMMA.

Paris.

THE knowledge of Mr. Clayton's having wrote to Montpelier, is the cause of my long silence; a sufficient excuse for me. But you, Emma, are grown downright indolent; and I feel half-offended at your remissness.

Mr. Clayton informs me, Lady Mary is recalled, by some family concerns, to England.

land. How I envy you, my sister, the pleasure you will enjoy in re-visiting that dear place; and, believe me, I shall hardly forgive you, if you do not particularly record every sensation you feel, and every circumstance that occurs during your residence there; which, I fancy, will not be long. Lady Mary's long absence from it, being a convincing proof that she prefers France.

I am peculiarly happy, at present, in the acquaintance of Lord Craven, a native of that country I so much regard. He is the only surviving child of the Earl of Castlehaven, and sole heir to his immense estate. But this, my Emma, indigent as I am myself, stamps no intrinsic value upon him in my opinion, it is the nobility of his soul, the generous sentiments of his heart, and the sweet philanthropy of his disposition, that attaches me to him. Add to which, he is an Englishman. Though so much am
I

I prepossessed in his favour, that I think I should (if adorned with such desirable qualifications) have esteemed a native of Lapland, with the same affection, I do him.

You will ridicule my fancies; but, when he addresses himself to me, I could almost suppose our dear mother was speaking.—The same bewitching smile, and harmonious voice, which once blest us in our parent, seems revived in him. He is not handsome enough to bear the least resemblance to her in person; yet, such as he is, were I a female, he would undoubtedly reign master of my affections.

Do not fall in love with this amiable portrait, Emma; for he is engaged to a daughter of Sir Charles Raymond, who is an intimate friend of Lady Julia Seaton—a convincing proof of her merit; as that charming creature would not, I am certain,

the daughter of good T. adm

admit an undeserving object to share her confidence and friendship.

I still continue my intimacy with the family of which this lady makes a part, but do not visit so frequently as heretofore, owing to my circle of acquaintance being enlarged, and my being frequently engaged with Lord Craven.

The levity of the Parisians, prevent them from increasing in my esteem. There is a Madam de Montier, who is particularly disgusting to me. From what motive, I know not, she makes a point of throwing herself continually in my way; and, as she visits at most of the places I do, and is also a partaker of every public amusement, I cannot avoid her.

She is a fine woman, and a widow; but behaves with inconceivable boldness and impropriety. She follows me wherever I
move,

move, and addresses herself to me on every occasion—to my embarrassment, and the diversion of the company.

If she study to make herself contemptible, and me ridiculous, she succeeds to the utmost gratification of her sanguine wishes. If I take no notice of her (which is generally the case) she complains aloud of my incivility, and calls me the young English savage. If, to avoid her resentment, I treat her with the regard due to her rank and sex, she talks loud, and overpowers me with condescensions past bearing. Either of these extremes, excite the attention of the company, and expose me to the raillery of the ladies, and the insipid jests of the men.

How little do the generality of females know how to support their dignity! I am so vexed with this Madam de Montier, that I could quarrel with the whole sex—as
light,

light, trifling characters, beneath a serious thought; did not a Montgomery, a Davenport, a de Alembert, and an incomparable Julia Seaton, rise to my view, arrayed in all the brightest charms of virtue!

What lustre does the glow of modesty add to the cheek of beauty! How brilliant sparkles the eye, suffused with the tear of sensibility! And, how charming is the mouth adorned with the smiles of cheerfulness; whilst the captivating powers of wit and sense issuing from it, render them still more irresistible!

Such a woman I have seen:—but I must close my letter. Lord Craven is waiting for me below. I shall only add, that he is much displeased at the conduct of the Parisian widow, and will, if she persists in her behaviour, beg of some friend to reason with her on the absurdity of it.

A thousand good wishes attend Lady
 Marys and yourself, & son Sir
 -squire as has, madam! A ab a, no more
 -re, wolv you of Sir *From your brother.*

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

What lustre does the glow of modesty
 -lind well I yearn to check of beauty
 -sire shiv be still eye and added
 -LADY RAYMOND TO LADY JULIA SEATON.

Raymond Castle.

Pleased with the confidence my
 young friend has reposed in me, I take the
 first opportunity of testifying the sense I
 have of it, by sending her that advice which
 I judge will be most conducive to restore
 her peace, and regulate her conduct.

It is a difficult matter, my dear Julia,
 for a young female, in any station, to be-
 have so as to escape detraction—be she ever
 so circumspect in her actions. But, when
 exalted

exalted by birth and accomplishments, above the common level of mankind, she is a still surer mark for malignancy to hurl its envenomed shafts at.

A late esteemed author observes; "That censure is a certain tax a man pays for being eminent." An elegant, well-born female, is in the same predicament; as, the more conspicuous she appears, the sooner is any blemish discovered in her character.

You, my dear girl, who are blest with every advantage Nature and Fortune can bestow, ought to be particularly careful in your conduct, lest you cast a shade over those perfections, and sully the lustre of your present bright fame.

From whom can we expect virtue, integrity, and honour, if not from such as are, by elevation of rank, refined education, and

and vast possessions, exempt from those temptations, which people in a lower sphere of life are exposed to ?

Your situation, I acknowledge, is a very trying one. So much greater will you appear, if you rise superior to it, by an undiminished propriety of behaviour. To gain the victory over our passions, is the greatest triumph we can obtain. To this end, we must carefully study to suppress every rising inclination that is incompatible with our duty.

You do not, you cannot expect me to say ought in favour of your attachment to Mr. Davenport. Pardon me for saying, I condemn you extremely, for giving way to so improper a predilection. If the young man be all, nay more than your partial pen paints him, he is not (stranger as you are to his family connections) a proper object for you to bestow your affections upon.—

His

His recommendatory letter, from so amiable a person as Lady Mary Montgomery, speaks more highly in his praise, than any thing else you have advanced; but this is no proof of his expectations being adequate to yours.

Where, Julia, is that laudable, becoming spirit, that once actuated you? Shall it be said, that you (who have, hitherto, been an example which any mother might have held up for a pattern of discretion for her daughter to copy) that Lady Julia Seaton, co-heiress to the Duke of Rochester, and the betrothed wife of the Marquis de Alembert, should so far forget herself, as to fall violently, and precipitately in love with a man, who may, for ought you know, be an adventurer; and who is perfectly indifferent about you! Fie, my dear girl!—Rouse yourself from this delirium of fancy, and be more tenacious of your dignity!

Permit me to say, your aversion to the Marquis, is hardly more defensible, than your favourable opinion of Davenport.— You did not discover those disagreeable traits in his temper when in England; and it is possible that Monsieur Lauzanne may be prejudiced against him, or at least mistaken in his character.

It is strange, if some part of his mother's pleasing disposition be not blended with his father's oddities, which, no doubt, report has greatly exaggerated. It is a severe satire upon Human Nature, that we are ever more ready to enlarge upon the frailties of mankind, than to publish their perfections. Why we should take greater delight in dwelling on foibles, rather than seeking out excellencies, I know not; unless, conscious of the many defects in our own composition, we are afraid of appearing little by comparison!

This

This is an error that daily gains upon us, if we do not exert ourselves to get the better of it. It originates, at first, in false pride ; which, if not timely corrected, degenerates into meanness.

You say, from the evidence of your aunt (whose veracity you cannot *doubt*) that the late Marquis was a kind husband, and an affectionate parent. This is an eulogium you know not the value of, at present ; nor can you conceive the happiness a wife and mother derives from such sources.

You exclaim, you *do not*, nor ever *shall*, love de Alembert ! It is a bold assertion ; and rather the result of passion, than conviction. Were you his wife, Julia, how soon would the little errors of his temper sink into nothing, in your estimation ! His attention to you, his undiminished tenderness, and his fond effusions, if a parent, would

would insensibly warm your heart to his merit !

These causes, and the pleasing reflection of having done your duty, in complying with the wishes of your friends, would contribute greatly to your happiness.

But, in this idea of your felicity, I entirely exclude a prepossession in favour of another ; as, I think that woman who voluntarily surrenders her person to one man, whilst every kind sentiment is engrossed by another, deficient in the moral virtues so estimable in her sex. It is only on supposition of your acting conformable to that rule of conduct which has so much endeared you to me ; and by commanding those passions, and restraining those inclinations, which you at present indulge, and which appear so repugnant to the good sense you are mistress of.

I repeat again, my dear Julia, that it is only from this consideration, I urge your prospect of probable happiness with your cousin. I say *probable*, because *positive* felicity cannot be promised, under any circumstances—however flattering—while we are incumbered with the weighty frame of mortality!

Let your next letter, my good girl, tell me, you are endeavouring to shake off this ill-placed partiality; for, I am as certain of your succeeding in whatever you undertake, as I am convinced you would not deceive me by a false report of the state of your affections. Believe me, Julia, the applauding testimony of your own heart, will far counterbalance the pangs you will feel in your efforts to merit that applause.

There is one objection you might have made to an union with the Marquis, which would have carried conviction along with it

it—your difference in religious sentiments; as, I think, you were not educated in the Romish persuasion. Your liberal sentiments, and your according to our mode of worship when at Raymond Castle, convinces me you are not a papist. But, perhaps, you have not considered the matter in so serious a light as I do—and imagine, with the generality of people, that being permitted to exercise your own faith is sufficient. I shall forbear saying any thing further on the subject, at present. Your answer will determine me to continue it, or otherwise.

It may appear inconsistent, my young friend, that the former part of my letter should endeavour to argue you out of the absurdity of your prejudice against the Marquis; and the conclusion, throw an unthought-of objection in your view, to strengthen what I have strove to remove.

But

But hear my reasons, and acquit me of impropriety. The first, I remarked as light arguments, beneath the merit of Julia Seaton to alledge, and as vague, futile objections, calculated to depreciate *him*, and raise his *rival* in my esteem.

Will you excuse me for putting this construction upon your language? Conscious that the preservation of your happiness and reputation, are the sole motives that actuate my pen, I am irresistably impelled to trace, on paper, the dictates of my heart. A skilful surgeon probes a wound deeply, the better to assure a cure. Thus, my love, am I obliged to appear severe, that I may the more essentially contribute to restore your mind to its pristine purity.

Do not accuse me of pedantry, if I quote an observation from a book which I hope you both read, and know the value of.—

“ As

“As a jewel in the snout of a swine, so is
 “a fair woman without discretion.” How
 expressive of the inestimable worth of such
 a treasure! Guard the possession of it, my
 good girl, as the brightest gem in your
 moral character!

Your Clara will write very soon. In the
 interim, I beg you will exercise every ac-
 tive virtue of your mind, and let us know
 the result.

I am,

With sincere wishes for your felicity,

Your friend.

LUCY RAYMOND.

EMMA

EMMA TO EDWARD.

Belvoir Lodge.

HERE I am, my dear Edward, once more returned to these dear scenes of juvenile delights. My heart softens, and the tear of recollection strays painfully sweet down my cheeks, as I retrace the apartments of this venerable pile of building.

The apartment, once my honoured mother's, is now mine—and I reverence every part of it. The chairs are the inimitable work of the dear woman I shall never cease to regret.

Lady Mary has given me a watch that was my mother's; to which is appended, a miniature so like her, that my eyes overflow with tender sensations every time I

view it. There is also a picture of a gentleman ; but I do not think it is our father, it appears too far advanced in years, to have been a companion for so young, so amiable a creature, as our mother.

A long train of ideas intrude themselves, when I contemplate these pictures. But I cannot glean any thing from them, in any degree satisfactory. Lady Mary prohibits enquiries ; and Brudenell is silent as the grave. Time, my Edward, will remove this shade. It is, therefore, idle, to spend the intermediate space in simple conjectures.

The retired life we led at Montpelier, is a strong contrast to the one we are hurried into here. The whole neighbourhood have been to congratulate the Lady of this Mansion, on her safe return to Belvoir Lodge. Many of them recollect your Emma, and by their interrogatories concerning the *elegant widow*, awaken the remembrance of my

my dear mother. The kind manner in which some of the good folks mention her, has endeared them to me.

Lord and Lady Roscoe are expected, and we are to accompany them to London.— Naturally gay and cheerful, I yet do not feel any extraordinary elation of spirits at the thoughts of our journey to the metropolis. Happy in your correspondence, and Lady Mary's society, I have not a wish for further indulgence.

Shall I confess, Edward, that I am afraid, lest the volatile disposition, which you, and my good friends here, have so long endeavoured to correct, should, in the dissipated sphere we shall so soon inhabit, regain its ascendancy, and render me less worthy your love?

I cannot make these objections to my dear patroness; as she was pleased publicly
to

to acknowledge, that her sole motive for immersing from solitude was, for my improvement and advantage.

I would, if I dare presume, ask this dear lady, What benefit I shall derive from a practical knowledge of the follies of life? Will it add beauties to my external appearance, or increase my mental perfections, to be intimately acquainted with the idle, the extravagant, and the thoughtless? But you will say, it is injurious to suppose, that Lady Mary Montgomery would be connected with a worthless set of beings.— Young and ignorant, as *I am*, may I not form attachments with such people; and yet, blinded by their high stations, and dignified birth, lose the idea of merit in the glare of worldly perfections?

I am in a very disagreeable humour just now, anticipating evils that will not, it is to be hoped, come to pass. You will not
admire

admire me, as a correspondent, if I do not change my stile to something more amusing. —I will finish my letter to-morrow: our visitors are expected every moment. My opinion of them will help to vary the dull monotony of this epistle.

IN CONTINUATION.

Lady Roscoe is a fine, sprightly, handsome woman, and honours me with a great share of her notice. I do not know how it is, condescendingly as she behaves, fear is my predominant sensation, when in her company.

Lord Roscoe is, of all men that I have seen, the handsomest. Sensible, well-bred, and highly accomplished. Yet, with all these perfections, I have scarcely resolution to look at him. His piercing eyes seem to penetrate my very soul, and he views me with an attention which I cannot account

for. Whatever are his motives, they distress and pain me exceedingly. Lady Roscoe too minutely observes me; and Lady Mary smiles at them both.

They rally me, and tell my good friend, that, for the sake of the *Beau-monde*, she ought to confine me in a nunnery. I join in the laugh thus raised at my expence, yet wish they would not make me the object of their remarks.

Once, Lord Roscoe said, "Is this sweet girl's name really Davenport?"—I was just entering the drawing-room, and Lady Mary answering, "you are very whimsical, cousin, to doubt my veracity." The subject dropped. I imagine the resemblance between myself, and some person they know, occasions the scrutiny, of which I complain.

I do not know what my Edward will make of this farrago; nothing but discontent to teaze him with.—I must, and will get the better of this petulant, dissatisfied humour; and my next shall convince you I am not the wayward pet this seems to imply.

Adieu! love me, with all my imperfections.

EM. A DAVENPORT.

P. S. At your peril, Edward, dare to make comparisons between me, and the *incomparable* Lady Julia Seaton. She could not have wrote so ridiculous a letter. I must send it away immediately, lest the thoughts of my inconsistency operate too powerfully, and deter me from sending it at all—as I had rather you thought me insignificant

significant, than disrespectful.—Our journey to London is to take place next week; in consequence, I shall be too much hurried to write again before I see the busy town.

MISS CLARA RAYMOND TO LADY JULIA SEATON.

Grovesnor Square.

BY this time, you have received my good mamma's moralizing sermon. To raise your spirits, from the depression under which they must have sunk, during the perusal, I send this, with all speed.

I wish, Julia, you was not above half so dear to me, as you really are—what a charming opportunity I should have for exerting my talents in the satyrical stile! Such a letter as your last, would have insured me a never-failing fund of diversion.

So

So much in love, so agitated, so unhappy, &c. &c. Why, my dear girl, I should not have acknowledged my sprightly friend to have been the writer, had not Lady Raymond vouched for it; and then, I made pappa and Charles swear to the direction, before I ventured to give it a second examination. For how could I tell but some rival, jealous of the power of my charms, might have wrote it, and tinctured the envelope with some of that subtle poison which effects its purpose from the touch.

Now, the Italians, are well versed in these arts, all travellers allow. I was, therefore, apprehensive that some fair Signora might have taken such an opportunity to revenge herself upon my amazing beauties, which had caused Craven to forget the "vows he falsely swore."

Pray, now we are upon the subject, have you seen that astonishing creature? It is,
to

to be sure, scarce worth dwelling upon, but, as I have casually mentioned him, I may as well enquire how he does? Is he a favourite with the Parisian belles? Does he attach himself to any of the flirts? Not that it is of any consequence to me, only he used to visit here as the friend of my brother.

Pappa and mamma think him very handsome, elegant, sensible, polite, &c. In compliment to them, I hope you like him also. To speak truth, the man is passable, and I give you leave to present my most respectful compliments to him, and desire he will purchase me the best dictionary in the Hebrew language he can obtain.

You will wonder, Julia, at my chusing to study any thing so abstruse. I will tell you how it is. This identical Lord Craven, out of gratitude for the good opinion our family maintain of him, has condescended

scended to favour me with something in the form of a letter, inclosed in a parcel to Charles.

I was, you may suppose, very much surprised, and impatient to know the contents, broke it open. Judge of my mortification! I could not read it. What between bad writing, and hard words, it was perfectly unintelligible. I had recourse to my Italian, French, and English dictionaries, but all to no purpose.

Sir Charles and Lady Raymond seeing me so employed, enquired the reason? I told them, without hesitation, that Lord Craven, contrary to his usual politeness, had sent me something wrote in either Hebrew, or Greek characters, and that I must apply to somebody very learned, to translate it.

Would

Would you believe that Charles was affronted at me ! He stormed, looked big, and vowed I was such a volatile creature, that he wondered his friend could see perfections in such a mortal.

I still persist in my opinion, and beg you will report it to my Lord Craven. Charles is quite infatuated with this man. He is a prodigy, if you will take his word. But a truce with this subject. We are going to Lady Lansdowne's. When we return, I will reassume my pen.

IN CONTINUATION.

I once thought Julia Seaton the loveliest girl breathing ! But I had not then seen Emma Davenport ! (How do you feel yourself, child, at the sight of that attractive name ? If it overpower you, throw open the window for a little air !) I retract my opinion, and pronounce Lady Mary

Mary Montgomery's ward, to be the very model of perfection! If her brother bear but the common resemblance of kindred to her, I pardon and commiserate your romantic love for him.

Excuse my rambling—I will introduce you to this “earth-treading star”. We went, as premised, to Lady Lansdowne's rout. Scarce were we seated, when Lord and Lady Roscoe, &c. were announced. I was chatting with Lord Denton, and Colonel Ormsby, and did not pay much attention to the newly-arrived groupe, when Ormsby, with that precipitation natural to him, exclaimed, “That cannot be a mortal! Did you see yon Goddess descend, “Denton?”

We laughed at his bombast, and turned to behold what had occasioned it. What then met my wondering eyes, exceeds whatever my imagination could have

formed. It would be injustice to the exquisite beauty of Miss Davenport, to attempt the delineation of every separate feature. The sweetness of her manners—the modest dignity of her demeanor—and the chastened brilliancy of her expressions, would, without the aid of personal beauty, render her the admiration of all who know her.

Every eye was fixed on this sweet girl; and I eagerly flew to share with mamma, the civilities of Lady Mary Montgomery, who is worthy to be the guardian of so a creature.

My mother and her have engaged to renew an acquaintance of long date; and I have solicited the friendship of Miss Davenport, which was granted by the parties, with apparent pleasure.

Confess,

Confess, candidly, that you are much pleased at this *rencontre* ; of such an opportunity of knowing who, and what our favourite Edward is.

My mother is almost as much infatuated with Emma, as I am.—Do not tell, Julia, but I would not have Craven see her, for more than I care to mention ; and, now I think of it, their mouths are vastly alike.—I shall write again in a few days. My mother sends friendly remembrances to you.

I am,

Your affectionate

CLARA RAYMOND.

EMMA

EMMA TO EDWARD.

London.

IS it true, Edward, that Paris exceeds London in folly and dissipation? If it do, how can people of refined understanding, be so fond of it? Even I, that cannot pretend to more than a common capacity, am sometimes disgusted at the freedoms which high life authorise.

I am not—as I apprehended I should—too much delighted with the novelties I daily, nay hourly behold. The impertinent gallantry of the men, inspire me with no sensation but what offended pride feels. They address me as familiarly as if I was an old acquaintance, and talk as confidently to each other about me, as if they supposed me either deaf, or foolish. The latter, they certainly do, or they would not dare
to

to utter the gross flatteries, which I despise them for. The women, for what reason I know not, are shy and reserved to me; one or two excepted.

Lord Craven's Miss Raymond, is by far the most agreeable female I have seen.— Without being very handsome, she strikes me with admiration. Tall, graceful, and elegant—every body views her with pleasure. Her conversation, like her person, is animated and correct.

The gentlemen (though her engagement is publicly known) are very partial to her, and crowd round her; when many a beautiful female, less indebted to the graces, are neglected.

She honours me with her friendship; and I am proud of being noticed by so amiable a lady. Julia Seaton is her dearest, best beloved friend; and she speaks of her as a

being of superior order. I believe Miss Raymond incapable of bestowing unmerited encomiums; the lady she praises, consequently, is still higher in my estimation.

Sir Charles and Lady Raymond, are both exalted characters; and their son an accomplished gentleman. I am constantly in their parties; and, as the summer advances, am to accompany them to Raymond Castle. Lord and Lady Roscoe treat me with much kindness, and I am no longer disconcerted at their observation.

You bid me record every thing that occurs; you must, therefore, blame yourself, if my letters are long and trifling.

Theatrical amusements give me much pleasure; and Lady Mary, who indulges my every wish, permits me to go whenever I please. A large party of us went, a few evenings

evenings ago, to see Mrs. Siddons in the character of Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage.

Miss Raymond and I sat in the front seat of a box, which had been secured for us. The next was occupied, in part, by some ladies I have seen at several routs we have been at. In the third act, when my attention was entirely engrossed by the performers, I heard my name mentioned, in a tone of contempt that surprised me. I was turning hastily round, but Clara prevented me, by an emphatic pressure of my hand, when the following *very pleasing* information saluted my ears :

“Emma Davenport, my lord—she is a
 “kind of toad-eater to Lady Mary Mont-
 “gomery. I am credibly informed, her
 “mother once was a strolling-player, but
 “retired, on the death of her husband, or
 “keeper—I know not which—to a small
 “village in the vicinity of Belvoir Lodge,
 “where

“where her specious behaviour so far gained on the credulity of the afore mentioned lady (who they say is almost superannuated) that she took her to live with her; and now permits the daughter to intrude herself on people of fashion.”

Conceive, if it is possible, what my sensations were! I was ready to faint, with vexation. Not that I gave credit, for a moment, to the infamous falsehood; but I was shocked at the appellation of *toad-eater*, and the cruel insinuation that Lady Mary's kindness was the effect of *imbecility* of mind.

Besides, I thought I must have acted very reprehensibly, to merit any person's resentment so much as to impel them to fabricate such a tale! What could I have done to Lady Ann Pelham, to authorise such treatment!

Clara

Clara still prevented me from turning ; and whispered me, not to notice it, as it would disturb the house. This effectually curbed my rising indignation, as I dreaded the observation of the audience.

We did not stay the farce. Clara requested me not to mention the circumstance to Lady Mary. Although I knew not the motives which induced her to desire it, I was certain no improper reason was the cause. Spite of my better knowledge, I dwelt on the disagreeable theme.

Miss Raymond called in the morning, and told me she had a most excellent scheme in her mind, to revenge the affront put upon me ; but would not tell me what, lest my delicacy should mar her purpose.

We were all engaged, that is, the Raymonds, Roscoes, Lady Mary, and myself, to a private ball at Lord Colerain's.

The

The first object that struck me on our arrival there, was Lady Ann Pelham. I shuddered at the sight of her! We promiscuously entered into parties; when the most graceful figure I ever saw, advanced to pay his respects to Miss Raymond.

She exclaimed, with that vivacity which so well becomes her, "My good friend, "Lord Essex, how I rejoice to see you "alive. I was afraid you had been buried "in the Alps." With well-bred eloquence he returned her lively salutation; and the conversation became general.

Lady Mary, Lady Raymond, Lady Roscoe, and our whole party, were now added to the groupe—Lady Ann Pelham, Colonel Ormsby, and many others, whom I did not know. Among the rest, a venerable old gentleman, facetiously put on his spectacles, to view—as he was pleased to express himself—"this bevy of beauties."

He

He said something whimsical to all.—
 When he came to me, he humourously ex-
 claimed, “ Why, what have we got here ?
 “ The beauty of Venus, the dignity of
 “ Juno, and the bloom of Hebe, united ?
 “ Pray, tell me (turning to Clara) who
 “ this little divinity is ?”

We all laughed at the old gentleman’s
 burlesque compliment. When the dear,
 mischievous girl, replied, “ You must ask
 “ Lord Lucan, for I heard Lady Ann Pel-
 “ ham give him a very *correct* account of
 “ her birth, parentage, and expectations,
 “ at the play, last night. Speak, my lord
 “ (jogging his elbow). Well, if you will
 “ not, I must. I always understood this
 “ amiable creature (taking me by the hand)
 “ to be a young lady of family, fortune,
 “ and education ; but *my* information,
 “ which I had from that lady (looking at
 “ my patroness) is *erroneous*. For Lady
 “ Ann

“Ann Pelham told Lord Lucan, and Sir George Glanville, what I will repeat.”

She, then, with that satyrical expression in her eyes, which renders her conversation so pointed, delivered, verbatim, what I before noticed.

Hogarth, alone, could have done justice to this scene. My good friends looked with amazement, approaching to horror, at the two culprits; who would, I really believe, have given half their possessions to have been less the object of public ridicule.

I was covered with confusion; and was sorry my lively friend had carried her resentment so far. Those who were not interested, did not even strive to smother their risible inclinations.

I knew not how to act; but, on Lady Ann looking ready to faint with vexation,

I approached her, and " begged she would
" excuse the mortification she underwent,
" through my means ; as, no doubt, some
" malicious person had misinformed her,
" and I both hoped, and believed, she
" would not find me unworthy her friend-
" ship, were I to be honoured with it."

She muttered an incoherent apology,
and quitted the room. Lady Raymond
chid her daughter, for so abruptly chal-
lenging Lady Ann. Lady Mary thanked
her for vindicating the honoured memory
of her who gave us birth. Colonel Ormsby,
who is an agreeable man, swore she was an
angel ; and he would ride post to Dover,
take the first sailing vessel, and dispute
with Craven the right of possessing such
excellence.

The elegant, graceful Essex, was Clara's
partner. Charles Raymond mine. The
rest of the company I cannot particularize.

I was serenely happy all night ; not elevated, nor depressed. I never could dance long together, without being too much fatigued to be agreeable.

In compliance with my idle humour, my friend, and Miss Moleworth, with our respective partners (Ormsby dancing with the last mentioned lady) formed a most delightful party. Nor did we break up till near three o'clock. A sufficient proof I do not love dissipation !

Let me hear from you, my much loved brother ; tell me you are well and happy, and do not forget

Your

EMMA DAVENPORT.

Lady Mary will spoil me. She has given me a prodigious quantity of jewels (which she

she has got new set) that were my mother's. What a confirmation of our hopes, and Lady Ann's malice. Believe, Edward, I experience a livelier sensation from the knowledge of being entitled to wear them, by my mother's being the owner, than from any advantage they will be to my appearance.

LADY JULIA SEATON to LADY RAYMOND.

Paris.

THANK you, my honoured Lady Raymond, for your friendly advice; and believe your Julia, she will study to merit the good opinion you entertain of her.

I feel the force of your arguments against the indulgence of my foolish wishes; and, though the character of Davenport rises
daily

daily in every body's idea, yet, shall he, henceforth, be no more to me, than any other man of good principles, and elegant manners.

Lord Craven, the sensible, penetrating lover of my Clara, is extremely partial to him, and speaks of him in terms of praise, which, though they accord with my own sentiments, shall not induce me to retract from the resolution I have made to be worthy your approbation.

In regard to de Alembert, I shall not, perhaps, be so tractable; as I am convinced Monsieur Lauzanne is not capable of reporting ought that deviates from the strict line of truth. Nor can he be mistaken; his long and friendly intercourse with the family renders that improbable.

You are right, dear madam, in your conjecture, I am a protestant. My mother
was

was one. She renounced the errors of the Romish religion, prior to her marriage with my father. Yet did this difference in religious sentiments, occasion no division in the family. My aunt, indeed, was the only surviving branch of it; and her liberal heart was too much expanded by every social virtue, to let it cause a diminution in her affection.

When de Alembert chose me, in preference to Louisa, I was to perform my duty in the mode I had been used to; and will candidly confess, I thought that privilege sufficient, as that maxim of my favourite POPE's had ever been mine.

“ For modes of Faith, let zealous bigots fight ;

“ He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.”

Undoubtedly, you, my dear madam, know better than such a simple girl as I, the disagreeable effects attending such a

L 5

disunion

disunion of the soul's best sentiments. I know not whether my last expression be consonant with propriety of language, but you will understand me, and excuse the defects in my stile.

I do not make myself unhappy, although my cousin is daily, hourly expected. The perfect knowledge I have of the generosity of the Marchioness de Alembert's sentiments, exclusive of her partiality to me, makes me easy in the assurance that she will not withdraw her affection, if my heart should prove refractory.

I cannot, at present, presume to frame an objection, as I must then produce authority for my assertions; and I would not hurt my kind aunt, by reflecting on the memory of the late Marquis; as I am convinced, Sir Charles Raymond, with all his perfections, is not dearer to you, than my uncle, with all his oddities, was to her.—

Bessie de

Beside, I should be the active cause of a breach in the long-established friendship betwixt her and Monsieur Lauzanne; and from which, they both derive so much satisfaction.

Permit me, dear Lady Raymond, to subscribe myself your compliant pupil; and to dedicate the remainder of my letter to Clara.

TO MISS RAYMOND.

YOU are a giddy, thoughtless girl; and, had I not more respect for Lord Craven, than to make him unhappy, I would shew him the impertinent manner in which you treat him, in your last.

I wonder not at your brother being vexed at your trifling. I am really angry at your treating him so lightly. Was I not perfectly

fectly assured you loved him (nay—do not blush!) as well as he loves you, I should not wonder at your exercising your ridiculing powers. But, in spite of that affected indifference, your partiality is eminently conspicuous. It is, therefore, beneath my friend to attempt to disguise what does her honour.

“Is he a favourite of the Parisian ‘belles?’” Ah! Clara, what a question! Was it jealousy, or vanity, that dictated it? I love you too well, notwithstanding your little coquetries, to contribute to gratify either.

If you chuse to answer Lord Craven’s letter, do it agreeably, or not at all. I gave your respectful compliments to him, and informed him of your having received his favour—but forbore the least mention of your ludicrous comments.

Truly,

Truly, I never saw him in so amiable a light, as at that moment. His fine eyes glistened with grateful emotion, at the knowledge of your thinking of him. Nor would I, for any consideration, have lessened his satisfaction.

Your mention of Miss Davenport did not (as you wickedly insinuated) incommode me. I was pleased at her being every way worthy her brother. It is a gratification to me, to know that my praises were not bestowed upon an object inferior to them.— Lord Craven's approbation of Edward, is a compliment to my penetration, in discerning his merit.

Rally me as much as you please, Clara. "Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame;" and I am not so romantic as to persist in the obstinate indulgence of a passion, which Lady Raymond has taught me to consider as incompatible with my duty.

Could

Could this and affection be reconciled, Davenport would reign unrivalled in my esteem.

Miss Davenport has mentioned you to her brother, in terms of the highest praise; and, in a very pretty manner, related an anecdote of Lady Ann Pelham's old faculty of depreciating handsome females. We were much diverted at it, and applauded your just resentment.

Certainly, Clara, these orphans cannot be low born. Lady Mary Montgomery's patronage bespeaks the contrary. It is an inexhaustible theme; I will therefore end it, and my letter together. When de Alembert arrives, I will write again.—
Adieu!

JULIA SEATON.

EDWARD

EDWARD TO EMMA

Paris.

I AM pleased with you, Emma. Pleased, that you are not infatuated with the caprice and folly of high life. Persevere, my sister, in that uniformity of conduct that is so agreeable.

I admire Miss Raymond, and acknowledge myself infinitely her debtor, for her kind, spirited vindication of our dear parent; who was as much superior to such an insignificant being as Lady Ann, as the meridian sun, to the faint twinkling of the stars.

Let not the little malice of such people affect you. Your conduct, I hope, will ever be such as will need no defending; and then, the illiberal reflections of low minds, cannot injure you in the esteem of those

those, whose good opinion is worth cultivating.

The impertinent liberties of the men, are of very little consequence. Your inattention, will be a convincing proof you despise them. Our sex, my dear, seldom persist in ridiculous flattery, if not encouraged by yours.

Preserve a modest dignity of behaviour. Let it be such as will equally secure you from the imputation of pride and haughtiness, or a mean condescension.

It is a difficult task to preserve a just medium between these extremes. I have noticed several young ladies, who, from a wish to appear amiable, have listened with affected complaisance, to every impertinence that has been uttered; and have descended to servility, for the mere consideration of being thought affable. Pity that
laudable

laudable motives should be perverted, by mistaking meanness for politeness!

On the contrary, I have seen really agreeable females, who, from too great an idea of their own merit, and too raised a conception of their own consequence, have assumed a most disgusting *hauteur*.

How different, how strongly contrasted, is the deportment of Julia Seaton! Free from every trifling peculiarity, she almost soars above mortality. Yet is this amiable girl unhappy—a soft melancholy pervades her features, that renders her still more interesting.

Lord Craven, who is very partial to her, thinks she is averse to the intended union. Surely, Emma, her friends will not be so arbitrary as to insist upon her acting repugnant to her inclinations. There is cruelty in the supposition of such a woman be-

ing sacrificed to worldly considerations. I have, hitherto, understood she was attached to the Marquis. He is expected daily; in all probability we shall then know.

I am dissatisfied, I know not why, and discontented at I know not what. This ridiculous Madam de Montier contributes to my chagrin. Lord Craven intreated the Countess de Rethel (her cousin) to remonstrate on the impropriety of her proceedings.

It was attended with no effect, but her declaring—bold, confident woman as she is—that I had engaged her affections, by my assiduity to please, and she should expect me to behave like a man of honour. And her brother, who is now at Avignon, would make me do her justice.

I despise the woman, infinitely more than I can express; and her threats excite no

idea

idea but contempt. Notwithstanding, I am displeased at being the subject of public conversation.

The Marchioness de Alembert, is so much shocked at her deviation from decorum, that her doors are shut against her. I refrain those places where I am certain of meeting her, and return her letters unopened.—It would be an affront to my sister, to hold up this indelicate woman as a warning to her. Such a character can create no sentiment but disgust in a mind like my Emma's.

Forget not my grateful remembrances to Lady Mary. Mr. Clayton joins me in the above regards ; and I remain my Emma's doating brother.

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

LORD

LORD ESSEX TO LORD CRAVEN.

London.

WHAT can possibly detain you at Paris? Clara Raymond is here; Lord Castlehaven anxious to have you with him. What then can induce you to absent yourself? I want you; I want your advice.

You have often reproached me, as an unfeeling mortal, that beauty could not warm, or wit captivate. You are mistaken, George! I never, before now, met with a female capable of doing both; yet was not the fault in my disposition.

The fair creatures I have been disposed to love, have always, by some caprice or other, destroyed the tender sentiments forming in my breast. I once was near loving Clara Raymond, but you stepped in; and

and (pardon me!) she has too great a flow of spirits for such a stupid fellow as I am.

The gentle Julia Seaton next attracted me. But she is as sentimental as I am. We should have grown grey with study.

Lady Ann Pelham (I am highly indebted to her) did me the honour to avow a partiality for me, before I went abroad. She has eighty thousand pounds; I have twelve thousand a year; and the friends, on both sides, concluded it would be a very pretty match. My sister, Lady Orrery, set her heart upon my marrying; and, as I love the good creature, I endeavoured to honour her choice: but it would not do, by any means.

The innocent vivacity, and sprightly wit, of your Clara, were heightened to affected giddiness, and malicious satire. The delicacy and decorum of Julia, were here prudery,

dery, and false politeness. I paid her one formal visit, and have never seen her since, but by accident.

I then went to Italy. The Marchioness de Aumont, was the finest woman I had ever seen—sensible, witty, and good-humoured; but then—she was a finished coquette.

Thus, George, have I been four times on the verge of an entanglement, and yet escaped.

I have lately seen a fair creature, who appears all perfection. If she be but half as angelic as she seems, I am a lost man! But why do I say, If? Deceit cannot lurk under so fair a form.

Her face is the most beautiful that can be imagined; her form, an assemblage of graces; her manner, refined and delicate;
her

her conversation, animated and interesting; her humour, cheerful and becoming; her knowledge of books, extensive; and her intercourse with fashionable life, hitherto, limited. Add to this, she sings like a Cecilia; and charms all ears by her execution on the forte piano. Such is the object to whom I apprehend my senses and heart have surrendered. The name of this fair invader is Emma Davenport.

The first time I saw her, was at Lady Coleraine's, whither my sister dragged me the day after my arrival in London; with a view to my dancing with Lady Ann; but, alas! had I even entertained a tolerable opinion of her before, I should undoubtedly have retracted it, after the scene I was witness to. But, as you are, I imagine, informed of it, I shall only add, that I believe there was not a man in the room who did not admire Miss Raymond's spirit, as
much

much as they despised Lady Ann's malignity.

The dignified condescension of Miss Davenport, raised her in every opinion. Lady Mary Montgomery is her avowed protector; but who, or what she is, remains a mystery. But what is that to me! Independent of any person, the woman my reason approves, shall be Lady Essex—though her birth be humble, and her fortune low. Yet will I not declare a partiality for this amiable creature, till I am convinced her virtues are not superficial.

The female, to whom I dedicate my life, must have a heart formed for the pleasures which benevolence and humanity share in. She must be possessed of that sweet sensibility, which displays itself in relieving the distresses of human nature.

I could not marry a woman, though that woman was Emma Davenport, if she had not an heart capable of sympathizing and commiserating the afflictions of her fellow-creatures. Add to all this, I must be convinced that I alone am master of her tenderest affections.

Do you think I am likely to commence benedict? Romantic, as I may appear, I am serious. I will watch every turn of her countenance; and mark each word that issues from her charming mouth; and, if she fall short of the perfect idea I have formed, though my heart may suffer, my reason shall triumph.

Her intimacy with the Raymonds, will give me daily, hourly opportunities of investigating her character; and, under the assumed garb of indifference, I hope to conceal my real sentiments.

Charles

Charles Raymond bows before this fair idol. Ormsby, I think, is in the same predicament. In short, if not a lover, she has an admirer, in every man who beholds her.

The propriety of her present behaviour, flatters my hopes that she will prove worthy my pursuit. The modest dignity with which she repels the impertinences of that herd of coxcombs, who think titles and fortune authorise them to insult every handsome woman they see, by gross flatteries, is, to me, a source of infinite satisfaction.

I wish you would come over, Craven, and, by calling off Clara's attention, prevent the penetrating gipsy from developing my designs.

I understand Miss Davenport's brother is honoured with your friendship. I have not a doubt but he is worthy of it. If you will
not

not come, write; and tell me what magical influence detains you from those who esteem you so much. Amongst the number, I subscribe myself

Your friend.

ESSEX.

MISS CLARA RAYMOND TO LADY JULIA SEATON.

Grosvenor Square.

HOW amazingly love improves a person's ideas! You really grow quite brilliant, Julia! I always thought you a very worthy, good kind of a girl; only rather humdrum, or so—but now, you absolutely eclipse me.

Lord Craven is infinitely obliged to you. I can hardly be persuaded, but you and he
have

have assisted each other in writing letters. I was honoured with one from him yesterday; and the man really rallies with a tolerable grace. As you are both so very partial to Edward Davenport, I must give that young man credit for the newly-assumed vivacity in both your epistles.

And do you seriously think you can forget you ever loved this bewitching Edward, and consider him only in the cool, platonic light of a friend? For my part, I have no faith in such sudden revolutions in established sentiments; and believe me, my friend, that feasible as they may appear in theory, you will find them experimentally fallacious. Not that I doubt your endeavours to stifle every emotion which you consider as repugnant to discretion; but, can our wishes to succeed, always insure success? I answer, no.

You

You are a good girl, Julia, and will, I am sure, in every situation, behave with propriety; nor do I, thoughtless as I am, wish you to encourage sentiments, which, at present, appear incompatible with probability. I only argue on the moral impossibility of our wishes always keeping pace with the cool maxims of frigid duty. But we have changed stiles; I think you are grown satyrical, and I am turned moralist.

This sweet Emma Davenport, is the most fascinating little creature to be imagined. So handsome, and so unconscious of the charming prerogative which beauty may claim. I take prodigious care of the poor thing; for I am afraid the beaux will destroy her by their *looks*, and the belles by their *words*. Followed, admired, and flattered, by the former; avoided, and envied by the latter.

Is it not very ridiculous, Julia, that the generality of females, should consider the homage paid to another's charms, as an insult offered to them? I am not so angry at them for this, as for their wish to demolish the fair idol, without any resentment against the idolaters. If they do entertain any, it seldom survives after a few well-timed, silly speeches addressed to themselves.

I really think it is one of the peculiar happy circumstances of my life, that I neither have, nor yet fancy I have, the least pretensions to beauty. If I had been handsome, what might have been the consequence! The malignant disposition of Ann Pelham—the silly affectation of Sophia Morton—the disgusting pride of Harriet Selby—or the petulance of Lucy Beauchamp, might one, or perhaps all, have centered in me.

How

How much reason have I to be thankful, for not possessing so pernicious a qualification ! Not that Emma Davenport, or Julia Seaton, are either of them worse girls for having transparent complexions, bright eyes, ruby lips, and all the etcetera of external embellishments ; but, that is owing to their mental perfections equaling, if not surpassing, their personal beauties. The case, with me, would be widely different. My giddy head would be turned, by the plaudits of an advancing crowd.

You would be surprised, at the consequence I derive from having such an angelic being as Emma constantly with me, and professedly my friend.

The gay, gallant Duke of Surrey, most eminently distinguished her at the opera, the other night. With all the well-bred assurance, which superior rank and title too frequently assume, he approached our box.

I,

I, who perceived this flaming meteor advance (whilst the eyes of all the quality misses followed him) jogged Emma. She just turned, and perversely reassumed her attention to the stage. "My charming Miss Raymond (exclaimed the elegant coxcomb—with his large black eyes fixed on my friend's beautiful profile) how I rejoice to see you look so well; I hope my long residence in Italy, has not erased me from your memory; and that you will permit me to renew an acquaintance, that I ever considered as one of my felicities." I bowed, and said some of those little, unmeaning phrases, which always occur on such occasions.

He seated himself behind us, and, by one means or other, contrived to engross the conversation to such a degree, that our civil attendant beaux could not edge in a word. My brother Charles—who I violently suspect of adoring this Paragon—I believe,

believe, wished him safely landed on the other side of Styx ; for he looked gloomy as possible. Ormsby, who is perpetually at our elbows, absolutely grinned with vexation. The graceful, indifferent Effex, who is an agreeable, philosophic mortal, checked a smile, which appeared every moment ready to break the affected gravity of his muscles, as he listened to the flowing periods which his Grace uttered, and observed the chagrin on the countenances of the Colonel and Charles.

When our carriages drew up, the Duke offered his hand to me ; but I turned, and made way for Lady Mary Montgomery. He led her ladyship, and we followed just as it happened.

The next morning, as I wisely foresaw, the Duke made his appearance in Grosvenor Square. Lady Raymond and I in dishabille. He was all politeness. •Congr

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tulated himself on the happy intimacy which had hitherto subsisted between the families, and hoped it would continue.

His sister, the Countess of Lempster, had commissioned him to present cards to our family, to solicit we would honour with our presence, a private masked ball, which she gives on Thursday, to celebrate his Grace's return.

During this ceremonious parade, he kept his eyes fixed on the door, and in visible expectation of somebody entering. I kept a malicious silence, and Lady Raymond read the invitation.

The cards were addressed to every one of our family, separately; and, as a part of it, one to Miss Davenport. Lady Raymond promised for us; but, Miss Davenport being Lady Mary Montgomery's ward,

ward, and Lady Roscoe's guest, she was not at liberty to answer for her.

Conceive, if you can, the astonishment of our noble visitor ! He elevated his eyebrows so prodigiously, they frightened me ! He opened his mouth—shut it again—and muttered something, between his well-leaned teeth, about *mistake* !

My mother, good creature, looked at him with surprise ; and I began to rattle away with my accustomed volubility. We were not long honoured with his company.

Soon after he took his leave, my father and Charles entered ; to whom my mother related the cause of his Grace's visit, and his embarrassment. Sir Charles laughed heartily, and Effex, just then coming in, partook of our mirth. Not so my grave, sentimental brother. “ He wished Lady “ Raymond had not promised for *him*.
“ The

“The Duke of Surrey was a man he was,
“in no degree, partial to; nor did he
“*wish* to cultivate the acquaintance of
“such an accomplished puppy.”

I coolly answered, “That it appeared
“evident to me, that the compliment was
“paid through the magical force of Miss
“Davenport’s eyes; and, from that confi-
“deration, we might all decline it; as I
“presumed, our absence would not offend
“either Lady Lempster, or the Duke.”

Effex was invited. I left them disput-
ing on the subject, and went to the Earl of
Roscoe’s. While I was there, a general
card arrived, and was accepted.

I promise myself infinite diversion.—
Emma never was at a masquerade; nor is
she much delighted at this charming op-
portunity of shewing herself to advantage.
I tease her to death, to know what form
she

she will assume. The whimsical little prude wants to shroud herself in a domino; but Lady Mary, the Roscoes, and myself, have determined otherwise; and, in spite of her objections, she will be as fine as a queen.

Adieu! Write immediately on de Alembert's arrival. Tell Craven, I have a faint remembrance of him. And believe me sincere, when I subscribe myself

Your friend.

CLARA RAYMOND

EMM4

EMMA TO EDWARD.

London.

WHAT a dissipated life do we lead, Edward! I need not have been apprehensive of being too much attached to the splendid hurly burly of high life. We live in a continued routine of amusements. Before I have recovered from the fatigue of one scene of gaiety, I am precipitated into another.

This, perhaps, is an effectual method to prevent my heart from being interested in them; as I really have not time to retrace, in imagination, the pleasures resulting from one engagement, before it is obliterated by some new folly.

Lady Mary talks of recalling you to England. Does not your heart beat with joy at the information? The repeated palpitations

tions of mine, tell me how delighted I shall be to see the dear youth, I so truly love.

You will be surprised that you are not to visit Italy ; but, our good friend says, you may, hereafter, if you please ; but, at present, she cannot deny herself any longer the pleasure of seeing you.

In a short time, she will signify her intentions to you herself. Till she does, you will not notice it ; as she did not desire me to inform you, nor yet prohibit the information.

I have been at a masquerade—a private one, I think they call it, and yet, I am sure there were, at least, three hundred people present : a striking evidence of its privacy. It was given by the Countess of Lempster, to celebrate the return of the Duke of Surrey, her brother—and a most insufferable coxcomb.

To

To describe the elegance with which every thing was conducted, would be absurd; as it would only be recapitulating what is to be met with in every public display of magnificence, which our nobility make.

At no time, have I seen such a number of beautiful women. My eyes wandered, with new delight, over a variety of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld; but dwelt with particular pleasure on Lady Selina Clairville.

It is impossible to do justice to her. She is lately come out of a convent, where she was educated; consequently, has not been much exhibited. I wonder if the intellectual endowments of this elegant woman are on a par with her external charms!— Yet I need not doubt it, if they were not, Lord Essex would not like her; and it is evident he is struck with admiration, as he danced

danced with her, attended her the whole evening, and we met them airing together in Hyde Park, the next day.

The sweet girl appeared delighted at his attention; and well she might, for Lord Effex is the noblest, best of men. How much superior to the gay, fluttering Duke of Surrey!

Lord Effex is very far from handsome; but possessed of a mind which renders him so engaging, that nobody regrets his want of so trifling an accomplishment as beauty—I mean merely as to face; as he is elegant and graceful in his form and manners. Gentle, benevolent, and charitable, he excuses the follies of others, though free himself from the common failings of humanity.

How valuable the good opinion of such a man! How interesting his conversation!

I am, perhaps, particularly partial to him, as he condescends to treat me like a rational creature. He offends not my ears by impertinent observations, or strained compliments. In his discourse and behaviour, he blends the accomplished gentleman, the extensive scholar, and the affable friend.—With propriety, may Lady Selina Clairville, be proud of her conquest: there are but few so worthy of her regard.

But, where am I rambling? This enchanting female, and her lover, have drawn my attention from the masquerade.

Lady Roscoe wished me to appear in some conspicuous character; but, knowing my inability to support one properly, I pleaded hard for a domino. This they would not admit, and we compromised matters, by my consenting to wear a fancy dress.

Clara

Clara Raymond was a Diana ; and charmingly she looked. The sparkling vivacity of her eyes, and the glow of health mantling on her cheek, made the character quite suitable to her—as it appeared the result of exercise ; whilst the graceful elegance of her motions, rendered her irresistible.

Lady Roscoe, Lady Raymond, and Lady Mary, wore dominos. The Duke of Surrey, a Turk ; Lord Effex, an Hermit ; Charles Raymond, an Indian Prince ; and Colonel Ormsby, a Magician. Lady Selina Clairville wore a fancy dress ; Lady Ann Pelham, as a Circassian ; and Lady Louisa Seaton (sister to Julia) as Thomson's Lavinia. The last is a fine woman ; but much inferior to the Parisian, both in person and disposition—according to Miss Raymond's information.

The

The Duke of Surrey did me the superlative honour of following me like a shadow; and, by continually conversing with me, almost excluded every other person from speaking or looking at me.

If I sat down, he threw himself at my feet; if I walked, he was always at my side; and, to complete my mortification, was my partner in the dancing—except one minuet I walked with the amiable Essex. The Duke appearing without his mask, made it still more intolerable, as I had no plea to avoid his company. Yet all this I could have borne, with some degree of patience, had his conversation been on different subjects; but he distressed me, by flaming declarations of love—and those in such audible whispers, that I doubt not but many people were entertained at our expence.

There

There was one person, in the character of a Monk, that followed us very close; and, more than once, addressed me. But who he was, I could not discover; not seeing him after the company unmasked.—The first time we met, he exclaimed, “Beware, fair Excellence! Listen not to the delusive language of romantic love. Remember, that the poison of deceit oft lurks beneath the fair flowers of eloquence. If thou would keep thy fame unsullied, thy mind untainted, and thy beauty unfaded, flee the pernicious haunts of midnight revelry—and avoid the baneful influence of flattery, as thou wouldest a pestilence!”

There was something in his manner that was very pleasing; and I wished to prolong the satisfaction I enjoyed in hearing him—but he mixed with the crowd, and, for time, I lost him.

Clara Raymond now joined us, and I chid her for leaving me so long. Ormsby humourously waved his wand over my head, to prevent the demons of the place from injuring me; amongst the most dangerous, he numbered Envy and Admiration.

“ My friend (cried the lively Clara) is
 “ certainly too charming to escape either;
 “ but how can admiration, that heart-enli-
 “ vening tribute due to superior beauty,
 “ hurt her?”

“ Infinitely more than the other (retorted
 “ the Colonel) for, though they both pro-
 “ ceed from the same cause, their effects
 “ are very different. Admiration carried
 “ to excess, and publicly avowed, turns
 “ the heads of half your sex. Proud of
 “ possessing perfections worthy of creating
 “ universal applause, you grow vain, silly,
 “ and impertinent. Envy, never is at-
 “ tended with these consequences. Its in-
 “ vidious

“vidious reflections may injure you in the
“opinion of others—but will not spoil you
“by raising you too high in your own.”

The Duke did not appear pleased, at the interruption given to his rodomontade ; but he could not remedy it, for I would not leave hold of Miss Raymond’s arm.—We were, at this time, making the tour of the rooms, and again encountered my favourite monk. The Duke wished to avoid him—but I stopped, and, in a voice seemingly familiar to me, he spoke again.

“Still do I meet thee, fair Blossom of
“Nature, treading the unhallowed rounds
“of dissipation and folly ! Take care,
“sweet hope of future good, lest the nox-
“ious vapours which exhale from the cave
“of dissimulation, should blast thy open-
“ing beauties, and wither the tree of Dis-
“cretion, under whose umbrageous foli-
“age, thou art, at present secure !”

I would have detained him—but he was lost to my view. Lord Effex and Lady Selina were just approaching, and, in my attention to them, I forgot my monk.

We now unmasked, and the supper-rooms were thrown open. It was then my eyes were delighted with such a blaze of female charms. Lady Selina sat opposite to me, and once looking at me with a degree of complacency, whispered Effex—he bowed and smiled.

Why was I displeased at this? I cannot tell—unless it was the disagreeable assiduity of the Duke of Surrey which occasioned it, and, by vexing me, threw a gloom over my mind, and I construed every thing into impertinence.

I recovered my spirits, and evaded the Duke's particularity, by conversing with Ormsby, who very opportunely seated himself

self beside me. He is a droll creature, and makes most whimsical, uncommon remarks. Somewhat he said diverted me extremely, and I was going to answer him, when a person, in character of a foxhunter, hollowed, "Yoicks! yoicks! ten to one in favour of Surry's. Oh! I knew the little cratur "wou'd win hollow."

Loud, and repeated laughs, echoed from every part of the room; and all the males seemed in the secret. I should not have noticed this, had not the looks of the whole company fixed, alternately, on Lady Selina, and myself.

Unconscious of having done ought to excite public ridicule, I was amazed and confounded; but, an approving nod from Lord Roscoe, revived my spirits. I am yet ignorant of the cause—nor will the good folks instruct me.

I fear you will be tired of this feminine chit chat, I will, therefore, conclude it—after expressing my regret that your sex have so much reason to despise ours, from the exhibition of such depraved women as Madam de Montier, who, forgetting that Modesty illustrates beauty, render themselves despicable in your eyes, and infamous in ours.—Adieu! my brother.

EMMA DAVENPORT.

LADY JULIA SEATON TO MISS CLARA RAYMOND.

Paris.

THE much dreaded de Alembert is arrived, and I am miserable! Unused to controul, resolute, and haughty, he harbours not a thought of my repugnance to unite my fate with his.

Monfieur

Monfieur Lauzanne was not deceived ! He is more difgusting than I fupposed he would be. He addreffes me with an impetuofity highly diftreffing—careffes me, with violent emotion ; and, if I remonftrate againft fuch freedoms, fwears he hates a prude, and begs I will get rid of fuch affected notions, as they, by no means, coincide with his.

Sometimes, I am his fweet angelic Julia, and he doats upon me to diftraction—I am the pride, the glory of his heart—and exceed every female beneath the canopy of heaven. At other times, he confiders me as an insignificant girl, who has been fpoiled by too much indulgence.

Tell me, Lady Raymond—and you, my Clara, inform me, if it is poffible to be happy with fuch an inconfiftent man ? I will not offend your judgment, by fupposing you will advance one argument in his favour ;

vour; and shall therefore act as my reason dictates.

Partial as my aunt is to her son, she will not devote her niece to misery. She is not, any more than myself, satisfied with his conduct. How can she be pleased with sentiments, so diametrically opposite to her own?

Open, liberal, beneficent, and affable, it hurts her extremely, to see the darling of her heart act so contrary to her exalted ideas. He has raised his tenants—discarded some of the domestics—and behaves, even to my aunt, with an insupportable degree of insolence. She laments his degeneracy; yet, fondly flatters herself, I am capable of new-modelling his disposition.

I know not how to tell her my dislike of him has risen to such a degree, that I will forfeit my claim to fortune and rank, rather than
become

become his wife. Something must be resolved upon, as he teazes me to name a period for becoming Marchioness de Alembert, and terrifies me with talking of sending for my father.

My good aunt sees me embarrassed and confused; yet guesses not the cause. She attributes it to the precipitation with which the Marquis acts, and thinks she soothes me, by saying I shall not be hurried!

Pity me, my friend, for the task I have to perform of undeceiving this dear woman. It grieves me, to rob her of the happiness she expects to derive from changing the obligatory terms of *aunt* and *niece*, to the still more tender ties of *mother* and *daughter*.

Be not alarmed, Clara, I will do nothing to deprive myself of your approbation. If my father should be unreasonable, de Alembert

bert refractory, and my aunt swayed by prejudice, I will retire from the busy scenes of life, and learn to know myself in a cloister. Do not be frightened—I will not turn Nun. The small fortune left me by Lady Ravensworth, my father's sister, will pay for my board as a private gentlewoman.—I will write again to-morrow.

IN CONTINUATION.

CHANCE has done, what my courage could not have performed. Myself and the Marquis were in the music-room. I was playing one of Handel's pieces—and we insensibly rambled into a discussion of its merits. He disliked it. I defended my favourite.

Provoked, at my presuming to doubt his judgment, he rudely told me, "I was
 " too conscious of my own perfections, to
 " be

“be persuaded I was in the wrong.” I answered, with warmth, “that he arrogated too much to himself, in supposing I should give up my established opinion, to gratify his petulance!”

I arose, at the conclusion of my speech, with an intent to quit the room. To prevent me, he threw himself at my feet, and “begged me to pardon him—I was dearer to him than life itself—and he could not exist, deprived of my favour.” I could not help replying, “that it was *possible* he might never have *possessed* it; and, therefore, could not be much *injured* by an *imaginary* loss!”

He was absolutely convulsed by rage, and grasped my hand with such violence, that I wept with terror and vexation. He set his back against the door, and ridiculed—what he was pleased to stile—my *crocodile tears*; and, had the effrontery to say,
“he

“ he once thought me above the little des-
 “ picable arts of my sex—who first pro-
 “ voked men of sense, by attempting to
 “ play the *tyrant*, and then incurred their
 “ contempt, by pretending to be *sorry* for
 “ the *fault*.

Hurt beyond bearing, by his insolent
 conjecture, I retorted, with spirited anger,
 that I thought myself incapable of exerting,
 “ That he and I had totally *mistaken* each
 “ other—for, I *despised* him too *much*, to
 “ attempt to tyrannize over him, and *feared*
 “ him too *little*, to submit to his overbear-
 “ ing disposition. That, as *son* to the wo-
 “ man I *loved* and *revered*, I regretted, on
 “ *her* account, the *small* claim he had to
 “ the character of a *gentleman*, or a *man* of
 “ *worth*; on *any other*, I was entirely easy—
 “ as no power on earth should *force* me to
 “ be the slave of his humours. Nor did I
 “ believe that my father, or his mother,
 “ would

“ would *expect* me to sacrifice *my* happiness,
“ for the indulgence of *his* caprice.”

At this moment, the Marchioness entered at a door which leads to the study. Grief and resentment were blended in her face! With a dignified air, she waved her hand to the Marquis, to stay—as he had opened the door, and rested against it.

Uncertain in what manner she was affected, and fearing she was offended at me (as I was convinced she had been witness to our dispute) I took her hand, and, with a voice scarcely articulate, from emotions which almost choaked my utterance, “ I
“ asked her *forgiveness*, for the undesigned
“ distress I had then occasioned?”

She clasped her kind arms about me, and casting a look of indignation at her son, said, “ I *was*, and ever *should* be dear
“ to her; and, that much as it might af-

“*felt* her, to be deprived of the hopes of
 “ being *mother* to so excellent a creature,
 “ yet, I might rest satisfied, no *restraint*
 “ should be put upon my inclinations ; as,
 “ she was distressed to acknowledge, in
 “ *this case*, that I had behaved with my
 “ *usual* propriety : for no woman, of senti-
 “ ment or delicacy, *could*, compatible with
 “ her pretensions to either, put up with
 “ such *treatment*.”

“ As to you, Sir (raising her voice, and
 “ turning to my cousin) I am grieved to
 “ the *heart*, to think he is my son who has
 “ so far forgotten himself, as to *insult* an
 “ amiable female, from the sole considera-
 “ tion that he might do it with *impunity* ;
 “ because that female was, *apparently*, ob-
 “ ligated to bear his *insufferable* insolence,
 “ from an engagement which was entered
 “ into, on a supposition that he was not
 “ *unworthy* so great a *blessing* !”

Ready

Ready to burst, with passion and offended pride, he left the room, and the house, immediately—and is now at his Chateau, a few miles distant from hence.

When my aunt found he was gone, without an attempt to see her, or palliate his rudeness, her resentment against him increased, and she wrote to my father, to solicit his consent to break off the intended union; and kindly intimated—to save me from incurring the Duke's displeasure—that the disparity of our tempers was the reason for her wishing it; as the mildness of mine, was incapable of coping with the turbulence of his.

But, previous to sending it, she asked me, seriously and irrevocably to determine, “Whether I could be happy with the Marquis, or not?” I answered, with the sincerity her goodness authorised, “that I never could; as my resentment was not
“the

“ the effect of pride—for somewhat, rather
“ more unfavourable than indifference, told
“ me, I should be miserable, if forced to
“ be his.”

I recapitulated his indelicate treatment of me, and acknowledged, I had long wished for an opportunity to tell the pain it occasioned me.

How can I sufficiently honour this dear aunt? She yet loves me, and promises me her protection—moreover, she has permitted me (if the Duke of Rochester agree to dissolve the projected alliance) to retire to a convent, or return to England, till her son be reconciled to the idea of parting with me for ever.

Thus, my dear girl, have I minutely related each circumstance, and hope for Lady Raymond's, and your approving congratulations, at my happy emancipation.

I think less about Davenport than I used to do. Almost released from my fears, on account of the Marquis, I will not hazard my pretensions to felicity, by encouraging vain hopes that reason tells me will not be gratified—for still, worthy, diffident, and agreeable, Edward avows no predilection in my favour.

When we hear from England, you will, probably, see

Your friend.

JULIA SEATON.

LORD

LORD ESSEX to LORD CRAVEN.

Raymond Castle.

WILL not the date of this urge you to return? Or, do you really prefer the folly of the Parisians, to the company of your friends?

Miss Davenport, Colonel Ormsby, and myself, are at present partakers of the calm delights of this charming place. Miss Molesworth, and Sir William Peyton, are daily expected.

I cannot say I shall rejoice at this addition to our society—as we live rationally, and agreeable to my ideas of happiness now—but, on their arrival, we are to visit, and be visited by, all the idle folks in the vicinity of Raymond Castle.

In

In this rural, unceremonious retreat, I hope to penetrate into every sentiment of Emma's mind. The heart is more liable to expand its tender sensations, when unawed by a crowd of observers. My sweet girl too, if possible, appears to more advantage in a select company, than when surrounded by a giddy multitude.

The amiable cheerfulness of her temper, prompts her to say a thousand agreeable things, which timidity prevented her from uttering in public. Free from a fear of censure, in the company of those whom she esteems, she displays her perfections with that easy good-humour, which argues a satisfactory opinion of her friends.

She appears to me, in the light of the Nymph which Shenstone describes, in his description at the Leasowes, as possessing,

" Thoughts by decency controul'd,

" Well conceiv'd and freely told :

" Sense

"Sense that fills each conscious air,

"Wit that falls ere well aware;

"Gen'rous pity, prone to sigh!"—

Such, to me, appears the blooming maid.
Judge, then, how I adore her! If she
continue to improve upon me, how shall
I restrain the fond effusions of my enrapt-
ured soul!

Raymond and Ormsby are both in the
same predicament; yet, I believe neither
of them have avowed their passion. She
treats us all with the same pleasing conde-
scension. Till she make a difference, I
shall confine my thoughts from every one
but you.

That epitome of coxcombry, the Duke
of Surrey, fancies himself dying for this
fair creature; but she is disgusted—not
flattered—by his professions. On her ac-
count, he has renewed his acquaintance
with the Raymonds and Roscoes; in con-
sequence

sequence of which, both families were asked to a masked ball, at the Countess of Lempster's.

Every person of fashion, or figure, were asked, and, I must confess, it was by far the most elegant entertainment I have been at lately. I believe all the graceful females in polite life were there; and, whether their dresses—which were, in general, fancied ones—gave them additional charms; or, whether I was determined to be pleased, I know not, but all the females looked handsomer than I had ever seen them before.

Pre-eminently beautiful shone Miss Davenport. She, and Lady Selina Clairville, looked more than mortal! They both wore fancy dresses that did honour to their taste. I cannot describe them, was I so disposed; I only know that Emma's was pale blue satin, spotted with silver, and

drawn in a variety of graceful folds; and that her ladyship wore a fawn-coloured satin, the drapery of which was very prettily fancied. They had both a great quantity of diamonds, their hair unpowdered, and I hardly know whether Emma's bright chestnut, or Selina's auburn hair, made the best appearance.

The Duke of Surrey wore no mask, and was Miss Davenport's most humble slave the whole evening. I was an Hermit.—When we unmasked, in the former part of the night, a Monk. But, to explain the matter.

Lady Selina Clairville loves, and is beloved by, Colonel Orrery. A family feud prevents them from avowing it. Few are the opportunities they have to speak to each other. He is a noble fellow, and worthy of the charming girl. To oblige him, I wore a Monk's habit, and, under mine,

mine, he enjoyed, unobserved, her ladyship's company till supper, when we changed dresses, and he left the room.

It was my business, to watch Surrey, and his angelic partner. She seemed much averse to the particularity of his conversation and behaviour, and, sometimes, rallied him with great spirit. I addressed her twice, and she listened with a degree of attention, which, had she known me, would have been highly flattering.

At supper, Miss Davenport was silent, and a soft melancholy obscured her beauties. Something Ormsby said (how I envied him!) enlivened her features. At that moment, Lord George Graham, in the characteristic stile of a foxhunter, and an Irishman, hollowed out an eulogium on the lovely girl.

I did not perfectly understand it at first, but found it proceeded from a wager which had been laid on the subject of *beauty*.—"Whether Lady Selina Clairville, or Emma, was best entitled to the prize." It could not be agreed, as the majority decided in favour of the latter, were her features but animated with cheerfulness. This occasioned the droll speech, that diverted the whole company. I do not perfectly recollect it, just now, but it drew the attention of the crowd to the two fair competitors, who were both embarrassed at the public gaze, though unconscious of the cause.

Miss Raymond informs me, the Duke of Surrey made flaming proposals to Lady Mary Montgomery, and solicited her interest with her ward. But that lady assured him, Miss Davenport was her own mistress; nor should she attempt to influence her. He then begged leave to plead his own cause—
which

which was granted, and he received a positive *refusal*—nor would she see him afterward.

He behaves like a madman upon the occasion, and vows vengeance against the happy he, whom she honours with her favour.

Weak, ridiculous puppy ! To suppose that his threats could intimidate the man so gloriously distinguished—as no fool, coward, or coxcomb, will ever (I am convinced) be her choice.

Is she not a noble girl ? How many of her sex, captivated by the hopes of so splendid an establishment, would eagerly have grasped at such an offer ? Surely, she must be a stranger to the passions of her sex ! To refuse a young, handsome man, with sixty thousand a year, and a dukedom ! “ ’Tis “ strange, ’tis passing strange, ’tis wonder-
“ ful.”

Q5

Though

Though I admire this disinterested procedure, as the result of an enlightened mind, and a proof of exalted sentiments, which know how to despise worldly inducements ; may it not, at the same time, have some secret spring of action ? Should it proceed from a prior engagement, where would be all my boasted philosophy ?

But why anticipate evils ! She must, she shall be mine ! What delightful prospects rush to my view, at the thoughts of possessing such excellence ! Retired from the busy scenes of noise and impertinence, with such a companion, and a few select friends, how serenely happy would my time roll away ! Perhaps, too, a rising offspring, would awaken new sources of felicity, and excite new sensations of gratitude, and delight ! I must not pursue the subject—it carries me beyond myself !

This

This week, we pay Lord Castlehaven a visit. It is strange, George, you absent yourself! Clara puts up her lip when it is mentioned—but does not look displeased. Farewell!

E S S E X.

LADY MARY MONTGOMERY TO REV.
HENRY CLAYTON.

London.

Providence, my good friend, has declared in our favour. The nominal Earl of Loudon, lies stretched on the bed of sickness, and racked by an offending conscience!

Death! that awful, resistless monitor, has impressed him with a proper sense of his unfeeling conduct, in regard to my
sweet

sweet orphans ! The fear of this world's censure, sinks into nothing, when put in competition with the terrors of Eternity, to a guilty mind !

Public advertisements are issued, offering a reward to any person who can prove the identity of the Earl of Loudon, and Lady Emma Drayton.

This, my good friend, I send express, with my wishes that you will immediately come over. Any excuse will be sufficient to satisfy Edward. I have wrote to the poor sick culprit, to signify they are living, of which I can produce authentic proofs.

I have acquainted Lord and Lady Roscoe with the secret. The latter looked as if she expected the reproaches of her husband ; but he was too much taken up with the idea of past occurrences, to pay much attention to her. In the course of my little

the narrative, I mentioned the M. S. intrusted to my care. They both requested to see it—which I wished to evade; as I judged Lady Roscoe, who is really *now* an amiable woman, would be mortified at the manner in which she is mentioned; and was likewise apprehensive, my cousin would not esteem her the more, for the part she had acted.

But, turning to my lord, with the tear of sensibility glistening in her eye, she “ begged he would pardon *errors*, that had “ their origin in a too lively regard for her “ *own* happiness, in preference to her “ *friends*, which, an union with him *only* “ could have assured.” And then, pressed me to permit them to peruse a transcript of Lady Loudon’s sorrows.

Thus urged, I indulged them with a sight of it. They were silent, reserved, and unhappy, for some time after the perusal, but his lordship soonest recovered his spirits,

spirits, and consoled Lady Roscoe. They both acknowledge, how much they were struck with the resemblance between Emma and her mother; and sincerely rejoice at the good fortune of these dear children.

The worthy old Brudenell is transported at the prospect before her, of spending her days in the place where she nursed the offspring of her honoured mistress.

The beauty and merit of my darling, have gained her many admirers; in particular, the Duke of Surrey has made her very flattering offers, but Emma would not hear of him. I cannot say I was sorry; as he is not a man I like.

She is, at present, at Raymond Castle, with a most agreeable family. Adieu! my good old friend.

MARY MONTGOMERY.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

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